

TOC H JOURNAL



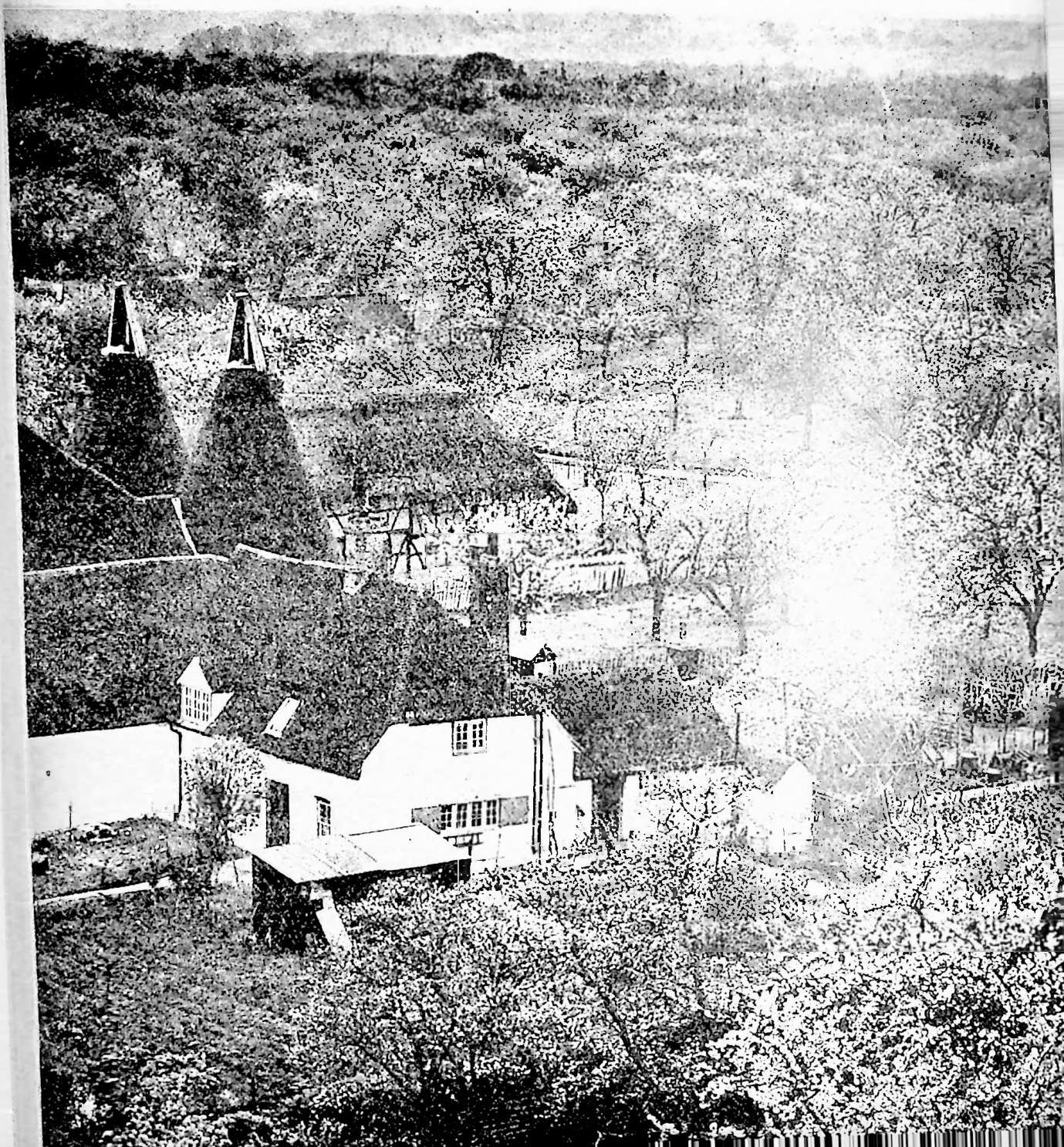
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VOLUME XVII.



NUMBER 5



AROUND THE MAP

EASTER, in almost every corner of the country, gave us the English spring at the very height of loveliness this year. The clouds and cold winds of Thursday turned, in many places, to the blue sky and warm sunshine of Good Friday with almost dramatic suddenness, as if to honour the great days of Eastertide. And when the holy-days were over, with equal suddenness we returned to "further outlook unsettled." Which things, if you like, are a parable. Actually man fell out of step with Nature. For it was on Good Friday itself that Italian arms swooped on Albania. Gunfire disturbed the morning of solemn recollection, and bitter thoughts broke through our Easter peace and joy. In the upshot the further outlook in Europe is "unsettled" indeed.

It is not worth while to write here about these events, for they change their face before the ink is dry. Is anything in our world nowadays predictable? Does anything go forward in good order, without change? It is certain that some things do, and in these days of fear and violent upheaval it is most essential, if we are to keep the poise we need above all, that we should hold fast to every treasure which does not change. For only so can we attain the "Quiet Mind," in the midst of all unquietness, of which Lord Horder spoke in these pages last month. And, to begin with, the spring itself is such a treasure, a miracle every year repeated, certainly predictable but so lovely in its appearing that each fresh time it takes us by surprise. It is the true type, the repeated reminder of

Resurrection, the everlasting truth about Easter.

And this year, more than most years since the Armistice, it is worth while to look spring in the face and enjoy its beauty and understand what, in every wonderful detail, it has to say. It is surely worth while to remind ourselves, for instance, of a simple truth (truth is often trite, but no less true for that)—that the primrose in the hedge in 1939 looked no different to the eyes of a Roman soldier eighteen centuries ago and will be enjoyed equally, in all likelihood, by somebody passing by eighteen centuries hence. It is utterly unmoved by the present trouble in Europe or in our own minds. You may even bomb it to blazes—and its exact counterpart will bloom again. The lark that sings this May is an "immortal bird." Crisis does not affect it—some of us still remember how the larks sang, oblivious of danger and death, above the very battlefield in France years ago.

The primrose and the lark outlast all empires. They defeat every dictator, not by defying him but by being too well employed to notice him at all. They are a true type, every returning spring, of the truth that "behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the eternal realities." That phrase in our *Main Resolution*, we all know, stands for more than the lark and the primrose; for these are but types of everlastingness, due themselves some day to pass, and not the whole truth of it. Lark and primrose are no more than two

little words spoken by God again and again, to the delight of anyone who keeps still enough for a moment to listen. We shall find the whole secret of the 'Quiet Mind,' which we never needed more than now, only in God himself, who "dwells in stillness at the heart of energy." In the intensest energies of the time, whatever they are or may become, that man lives best and busiest at whose innermost core there is peace and poise. And this is a Divine secret often shared with the simplest men and women.

Let nothing disturb thee, nothing affright thee;

All things are passing, God never changeth . . .
Alone God sufficeth.

* * * *

At a moment when the propaganda machines of Germany and Italy were busy turning President Roosevelt's note from white into black and pouring unusual violence of abuse on the democracies, the Editor happened to be turning out some old papers at home. Out of one bundle, a relic of the last War, two scraps fell on the floor at the same moment. The coincidence seems worth mentioning. One was a cutting from the *Times*, some time in 1918, containing a tribute, in six verses of Italian, by the Governor of an Italian prison "to the soldiers on land, at sea and in the air of the Belle Alliance." Its language, in translation, sounds extragavant, but its sincerity shines in the whole. Here is the first verse, literally Englished:

A kiss being set in every word,
A wave of affection in every thought,
This hymn of love flies straight to you,
Homage, salute, deeply moved, sincere.

The other scrap is from some unknown German newspaper of the time. It contains a prayer of Martin Luther, which, being translated, runs thus:

O Almighty God, grant us to be of one accord in brotherly love, that we may know and honour one another as very brothers and sisters; and that we may beseech Thee, as our common, beloved Father, on behalf of all and every man, even as one child for another asks

of his own father. Let not one of us seek his own or forget others before Thee, but rather, all hatred, envy and discord being done away, let us as true and faithful children of God bear love to one another. *Amen.*

Add now to these some words spoken by Lord Halifax in the House of Lords on April 19, 1939:

I cannot doubt that at the foundation of our civilisation are moral values which have been set up through the influence of Christianity and by observance, however imperfect, of Christian thought and action which have for centuries been the strongest single element in European life. Unless Europe is prepared to return to those principles we are not likely to make much progress, either in personal or international relations.

* * * *

The Fourteenth Australian Festival of Toc H was held in Hobart, Tasmania, from February 27 to March 4. No fewer than 77 people (including a few ladies) made the voyage across Bias Strait from Australia, all the five Areas being represented. Considering that in most cases attendance meant being away from home for anything from a week to a fortnight, this number seems to us "homies" to be surprisingly and satisfactorily large. The programme included a Civic Reception by the Lord Mayor of Hobart and an afternoon at Government House, when the visitors were the guests of His Excellency the Governor of Tasmania. It opened with celebrations of Holy Communion at St. David's Cathedral and at a Congregational Church, and reached its climax at a Thanksgiving Service on the Saturday afternoon, followed by a Guest-night at which Wyatt Joyce (late Assistant Editor of the *JOURNAL* and now Area Secretary in Western Australia) was the speaker. The middle part of the week was mainly occupied with conference sessions during which questions raised by Michael Furniss (Queensland Area Secretary) and Gordon Turvey (South Australian Area Secretary) were discussed in groups. It sounds to us as though it must have been a good week.

* * * *

We hear from Australia that bush fires have recently ravaged thousands of square miles of bush and stock-producing country, resulting in many farmers losing all property and stock. Many lives were lost when homesteads were cut off by the fires which in some cases, it was estimated, travelled at 60 miles per hour. A good number of Toc H men were amongst the volunteer fire-fighters who were transported in lorries to the scene of the various outbreaks. After the fires had been extinguished, Toc H in Adelaide and other cities organised parties to assist the stricken farmers to collect their scattered stock, slaughter partly-burned beasts, reconstruct temporary milking sheds, erect boundary fences and so on. Parties of about 30 were taken up to the burnt hills every week-end for many weeks.

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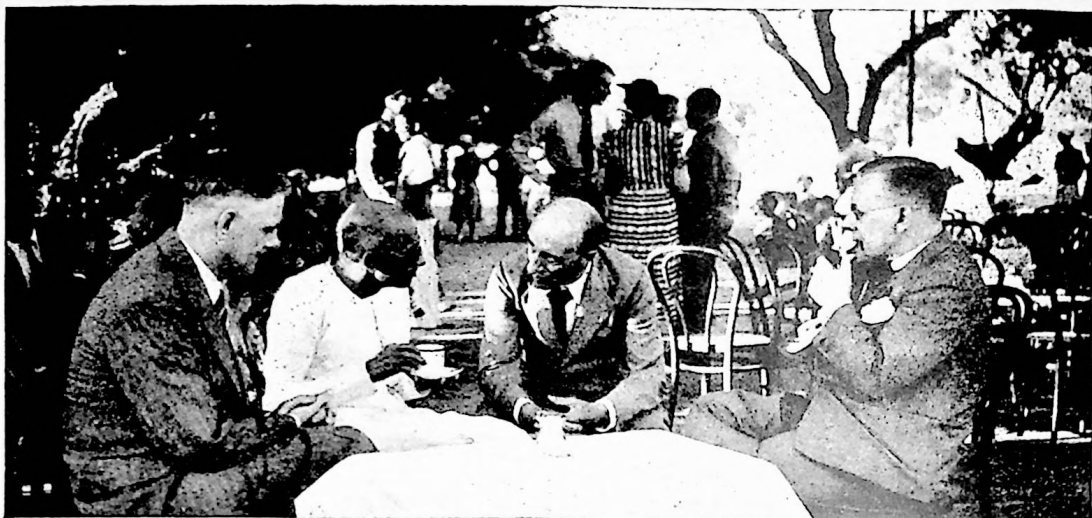
The Mayor of a borough in Surrey, addressing the local Toc H Group a few weeks ago, had some strong things to say about the apathy of the average Englishman towards local government affairs. "I am not going to mince my words," he said, "the average 'man in the street' shows a most deep-rooted indifference to the problems of local government, and also to the hard work and worry necessary at times to overcome them. It is only when he thinks his assessment is too high, or perhaps a puddle collects in the pavement outside his door, that he wakes up to the fact that the local Council exists, and he sits down and writes a nasty letter embodying those aggressive phrases that he has been longing to use all his life, but which have hitherto been suppressed by his boss at the office or his wife at home."

At election time this apathy becomes particularly apparent and we are glad to hear of an effort made by a Lancashire Group of Toc H to make the townspeople

"vote conscious." They organised a meeting in the town at which five candidates for election to the Council were present. Each was given ten minutes in which to express his opinions, and their views were put forward "calmly, unheatedly and without any of the usual political fervour associated with the election platform." This seems an excellent way of rousing more interest in local government and of ensuring that the issues before the electors are fairly stated and more widely understood.

* * * *

A newspaper in the East Midlands has been printing week by week the sorry tale of annual parish meetings in villages in the district. These meetings are the only occasions in the year when the villagers can exercise a privilege of suggestion and criticism that the townsman does not possess, and yet at most meetings few electors were reported to be present, and in at least one case, none at all. The account of one such meeting is of special interest because of a reference to the part that Toc H can play in the life of the village community. Out of a population of over 600 only seven members of the general public were present, "most people apparently preferring their warm fire-sides to braving a cold drizzle and the prospects of a rather lifeless meeting in the school-room. (They probably did not realize that their absence would not tend to make it livelier)." One item on the agenda concerned the erection of a 'bus shelter for the benefit of visitors caught in the rain and of the many local inhabitants who went by 'bus each day to work in a large city not far away. "The interest lies in the fact that if the 'bus company or the county council do not help, the village group of Toc H, which has been pressing for this amenity, is prepared to raise the cost itself



and carry out the building of the shelter. Its activities are an example of how the work of parish councils—fettered by an extreme restriction of powers—may be supplemented voluntarily. Toc H collected to pay the cost of the installation of electric light in the almshouses; the group has made seats for the village and has introduced new life into the cricket club. In collaboration with the Women's Institute it organises an annual outing in the district for the old folk."

* * * *

The latest news from Tubby is that he is homeward bound. He was due to leave Karachi on Palm Sunday and planned to spend Good Friday in Basra and Easter Day in Abadan. He is expected back on Tower Hill early in May. The photograph on this page shows him at a garden party in Madras. With him are (*left to right*) the Regional Chairman of Toc H, the Prime Minister of Madras, and the Bishop of Madras.

* * * *

The JOURNAL has not yet received any first-hand account from Tubby of his tour, but it is clear that Toc H is not only becoming more widely known in India, but

is being understood and recognised in official quarters. Sir Henry Craik, Governor of the Punjab, pays a tribute to its work in that Province, where, he says, "Toc H has won the real respect of all who know its generous activities." He writes as an old friend of "Ludo" (Sir Ludovic Porter, who, as members ought not to forget, gave up his retirement, until he died, to the foundation of the Overseas Office on Tower Hill). Sir George Cunningham, Governor of the North-West Frontier Province, writes that Toc H "has a very real and useful function" there; and Sir Lancelot Graham, Governor of Sind, speaks of "the shining example which it sets to the people of Sind of selfless devotion and unfaltering mutual trust."

* * * *

Army members all over the Empire will be interested to know that an article about Toc H will be appearing in most Regimental Journals in the course of the next few months. It has already been published in "*The Tank*" (Royal Tank Corps), "*The Wire*" (Royal Corps of Signals), "*The Lancashire Lad*" (Loyal Regiment, North Lancashire), and "*The Snapper*" (East Yorkshire Regiment).



The Children's Beach on the foreshore of the Tower of London was re-opened by the Council for Tower Hill Improvement on the Thursday before Easter, and

throughout the warm sunny days of the holiday "Tower-Bridge-on-Sea" rivalled Southend or Brighton as a centre of attraction, with crowds taking their ease in deck-chairs, and an army of tiny paddlers. After the first of our recurring crises last September the Council appealed to those who had accumulated supplies of sand for filling sandbags to dump it on the Beach, with the result that there are now nearly 900 additional tons of sand for the delight of the children.

This seems to us to be the right use of sand, and long may it be allowed to stay there! Last year some 100,000 children and adults attended the Beach, including many convalescents from London hospitals.



The Boy Bather who Broke a Bottle on the Beach.

By Way of Illustration

Reference to the paragraph *Acknowledgments* on page 180 will show that all except one of our pictures this month have been supplied, either as photographs or blocks lent, by sources outside Toc H itself. We appeal, once again, to our own members to send us good photographs, whether of 'Toc H subjects' or not.—Ed.

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE.

The following reflections by "SAWBONES" (H. F. Sawbridge, Area Padre of the Western Area) are clearly opportune at the present time.

HOW lovely it is for those who spread the spirit of peace! This probably catches the meaning of the seventh Beatitude rather more truly than the usual translation "Blessed are the peace-makers." The word "Beatitudes" itself is an uninspiring Latin name for what might well be called the nine great Joys of the Christian way of life. How lovely to be able to spread the spirit of peace!

* * * *

During the first few days of this year one became a bit chary of greeting people with "A happy New Year!" lest it should again draw forth "Well, I hope so." Many people were, and still are, facing 1939 with apprehension, dreading what it may bring forth. Few believe that the peoples of the world want war, yet many think that it cannot be prevented. It is this feeling of sheer helplessness which gets one down. "Isn't there anything we can do?" "What can we do?" and, within Toc H, "What ought Toc H to do?"

I believe the answer to the last question is: Toc H must try more than ever to be true to its essential ideals. For what are the essential ideals to realize which Toc H was born?

Toc H was started as a movement in 1920 in order to spread a certain active spirit of fellowship by methods which had been found to work; and in its earliest days the phrases used at all times and in all places to explain its purpose and to express its ideals were "To conquer hate," "To break down barriers," and others of like meaning.

Possibly in the last few years we have sometimes been inclined to look upon

Service as the main ideal. Not that we must now nor at any other time belittle the importance of Jobs. Jobs are an all-important part of Toc H. Fellowship that fails to express itself in service is barren and worthless—if indeed it can so exist at all. But Jobs are not the main ideal. As a matter of history, the Job side of things was introduced some months after the movement had got well under weigh.

From the very first Toc H was described as a "Living Memorial" to those who had died in the "War to end War." The pioneer-members of Toc H, therefore, as they set out on their attempt to make those words come true, rightly took as their watch-words the now familiar acrostics "To conquer hate" and "To create harmony." The latter, though used far less than the former to define the purpose of Toc H, is preferable in that it expresses the same thing in a positive way, or rather because it begins to show the positive and only way, in which hate can be conquered.

Now the great mistake that Europe has made these last twenty years is to talk of peace as though it were merely the absence of war. For peace is no negative thing. It is as positive as the Love of God, being the expression and consequence of it. It is not merely a condition we can attain and, having attained, can idly enjoy. It is an activity constantly and energetically to be maintained. For peace is a matter of right relationships. Where those are true, there is peace—and nowhere else. Just because there does not happen to be a War on in Europe at any particular time, it does not mean that there is peace in Europe. Just because a rolling-pin hasn't

whizzed past your head to-day, it doesn't mean that there's peace in your home! The secrets of peace are the secrets of right relationships; and the secrets of right relationships are the secrets of the Love of God.

If, then, we are called to be creators of peace, we must "listen for the Voice of God," and "seek in all things the Mind of Christ," and study His way of life. And as soon as we begin to do this we begin to realize that secrets which the world ignores are available to us. We begin to realize that the whole philosophy and system of life within the Kingdom of God are utterly different from those within the kingdoms of this world.

The Archbishop of York has often reminded us that Christianity does not consist in leading a decent, respectable life and living up to the standards of the world. If that were our aim (he goes on to say) the help of Christianity would not be necessary. The help of the world would be sufficient for that.

The Christian life is different in kind, not only in degree, from the life of the world. Its principles, standards, the whole philosophy of its life are essentially different. It was not, I feel sure, on one occasion only that our Lord said to those whom He was training in the true way of life "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." Again and again He was urging them to realize that the spirit of His Kingdom was absolutely different from the spirit of the world (and how terribly slow they were to learn it!). The world, with all its fear and distrust, its greed and competition, its domineering, its self-love, is living on quite a different level from the children of the Kingdom of God, Whose way of life is the way of love, self-giving, service, and self-forgetting.

The world, longing for quietness and

prosperity, often vainly demanding security of a kind unobtainable in this world, seeks to defend itself from the inevitable results of its system of life by means of its laws of restraint, its sanctions and its safeguards, backed by as much force as it can acquire or as is needed in any given circumstance.

But there is no security against strife and war so long as relationships are untrue. Wars may be prevented or postponed—by a variety of means—but peace will come only when the Love of God is being positively lived out.

Christianity is that way of life. What a little distance we have gone towards realizing the quality of that life and the love that empowers it!

We shall perhaps better understand the nature and quality of the spirit of love as it was expressed in the life of our Lord if we remind ourselves that in it is included the spirit of forgiveness and humility,—two things of which the world knows nothing,—they find no place in the world's philosophy of life. This may be partly because more strength of character is necessary for their attainment than is available to the unredeemed world. When somebody has greatly wronged us—or has wronged someone very dear to us—it is beyond our power to forgive unless we have learnt of our Lord—unless again and again we have rested our eyes and souls upon Him praying as nails pierce His hands "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do,"—and so have caught something of His spirit of utter self-giving. To grow in the spirit of our Lord—daily increasing in such habits of thought and action—is the life's work of a Christian.

And so with humility. We could hardly have guessed that the Love with which God loves us and would have us love others would be expressed in such staggering humility as we find in our Lord.

Even on that last night before His death, when He had called His closest friends together to be with Him, even then they started to squabble about precedence. There was nothing to be said; He had so many times rebuked them for this; but our Lord did something far more eloquent than any words even of His. He went on His knees before each one and washed his feet.

It is love of this order and quality that wins men and saves the world. Herein is the power of God—power that He would have us use—the power of humility, the power of forgiveness, the power of love.

Our Christian life consists in learning the secret of this power.

The very simplest incident may illustrate the working of this power. A man gets on to a 'bus and as he passes to his seat he steps heavily and clumsily on another man's toe. Now there are two things the second man can do. Either he can express himself in no uncertain language, in which case the first man is likely to follow suit; both will lose control, both will be miserable the rest of the day and an unhappy atmosphere will descend even on the fellow-passengers. Or, if he has sufficiently formed the habit of "giving," he can at once apologize for having his foot in the way, in which case the other will almost certainly take all the blame and apologize profusely. Both will be happy for the rest of the day, and, if the first man realizes it was all due to his clumsiness, he will tell his wife when he gets home all about the remarkable man he trod on in a 'bus!

And this is the victory that overcometh the world. What fun it is, if we are sufficiently masters of ourselves at a critical moment to release love and joy and peace not only from ourselves but from another and, maybe, from others present at the

time. For in the Christian victory everyone is victorious. No one is beaten. Both those who win and those who are won are all winners.

Most of us at one time or another have had to face a situation in which two ways were open to us—either the way of retaliation and revenge or the way of "giving," humility and forgiveness. We have been up against someone who has offended us or has taken offence at something we have done. We have begun to think out clever ways in which we can get the better of him. We even persuade ourselves that we are the champions of Right and are going to put in his place one who is the enemy of society or even of God. Did not Elijah call down fire from heaven on the sons of Beelzebub? The other man, too, is arming himself with the machinery of war, and everything is ready for a real good fight.

And then, by the grace of God, we remember what manner of spirit we are of; we manage to control ourselves to see clearly, to forget ourselves, to rise from the world's level to the level where we are able to allow Christ to direct our ways. We try to give rather than demand. We not only acknowledge our part of the fault, we go much further and give far more than justice would seem to demand of us. Our whole attitude is one of giving.

And then, perhaps, we have been amazed at the immediate reaction of the other man. We have had the wonderful joy of experiencing the power of the Love of God working through us. We have witnessed a miracle. We have cast a devil not only out of ourselves but out of the other person. We have created peace—not merely prevented war. Little wars of that sort have a way of lasting many years, sometimes resulting in two people avoiding one another till the end of their days. On the other hand, where the right way

has been taken, two people have often thereby become the closest friends. In the Christian victory everyone is victorious.

The world knows nothing about this kind of power; even we who profess to be trying to follow our Lord know little enough about it. The encouraging thing for us is that these spiritual gifts, even though they be as a grain of mustard seed, have a quite terrific power.

There are many people who talk of the idea of "turning the other cheek" as absurd. There are even many professing Christians who think it is not really to be taken literally. But our Lord told us to turn the other cheek not in order that we may be applauded in heaven for not showing fight or for any reason of that kind, but because in that way we can win a victory in which everyone is victorious. The turning of the other cheek is part of the Christian system of life, whereby power is released and men are won. It is part of God's way of life.

The victory is not always as sudden and complete as in the simple instance given above—though far more often so than those who have never experienced this way of power could possibly imagine. But it is God's way and the victory is inevitable if we persevere in purifying our motives, freeing ourselves from self, making more and more real and sincere our desire to give. We shall often fail because, though we do not recognise it, the spirit of the world and of evil is still within us; and often because the evil outside us is too great to be easily overcome. Even if the evil be so great that it requires the full, perfect and complete giving of self in the death on the Cross, even death itself is overcome when the victory is of that magnitude.

There are tremendous issues facing the world to-day, but however they may be decided—whether there be war or not—

there is a far greater issue to be decided before there can be peace on earth: and that is whether the Christians in the world are powerful enough to overcome the spirit of the world. And by "powerful enough" I mean sufficiently filled with the power and spirit of Christ to cast out from ourselves and our neighbours the spirit of the world—its hatred and greed, dishonour and selfishness, its cruelty and indifference to the sufferings of others.

You and I cannot do very much in any direct way to solve the problems of Europe (we can, of course, do a great deal by prayer, thus releasing power in another way). But we can try to learn these secrets of power; and, once we allow the spirit of love to work in and through us and through the little Christian communities to which we belong, the range and influence of the power thus created are beyond all calculation.

The Gospel, if it is to be powerful, must be lived out and not merely preached. This system of spiritual power obviously does not work without the true spirit which engenders the power. The spirit, because creative and powerful, is the essential factor—not the actions which in themselves have no power at all. A mechanical turning of the other cheek works no magic.

Christian communities must be showing, not merely declaring, the Way. And we in Toc H must be striving to realize our most essential ideal—that to which our Lamp of Maintenance challenges us—that every Branch shall itself become a light showing the Way, a living witness of the true way of human relationships.

And that will only happen if we keep in real and living touch with Him Whose life is the light of men, Who came to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace. H. F. S.



TOMORROW—AND TOMORROW.

UNEMPLOYMENT

II. Unemployment and Democracy

The first article in this series, last month, dealt with the first principle that we must learn to put "Men before Things" if we are to have any chance of finding a solution for the problem of unemployment. The present article by A. J. LUSH, of the South Wales Area Executive, calls attention to some of the demoralising effects of being out of work on a man's way of thinking.

UNEMPLOYMENT is the bugbear of statesmen, the boon of the advocates of totalitarianism, and the despair of its victims. Its social implications have serious civil complications and it lends itself to spacious discussions as to its solutions. Its effect upon the individual has led to much, and often misplaced, energy on the part of philanthropists and has given rise to extensive literature which can best be described as "blurb."

Unemployment is a complex social phenomenon, and whilst its most abstruse aspects have been thoroughly explored, one elementary point is too often forgotten. If we remind ourselves of the obvious fact that unemployment means 'the absence of employment' some disturbing facts reveal themselves.

The Importance of Work

The tendency to-day is to minimise the importance of work. This reflects a revolt against mass-production methods. On the other hand, it reflects our adulation of modern science; work being regarded as drudgery which the machine is removing.

Much can be said in support of this tendency, but the fact remains that work is the anchor of the normal man's life. It gives purpose, supplies healthy discipline and provides the working man with a niche in society. It enhances the value of leisure. It deprives a man of eligibility for doles from public funds and thus stimulates a sense of independence. Steady employment strengthens this independence by enabling people to plan ahead,

to buy their home, to arrange for their children, to provide for holidays, and so on.

Take away work and the mainstay of a man's existence has been removed. Time becomes meaningless. Only two days of the week are of importance—the days when he has to 'sign on' at the Labour Exchange. Life becomes a dreary state of stagnation. There is no purpose in going to bed at fixed times, there is no reason for getting out of bed. This same indifference is reflected in his personal habits and in his approach to the problems of life.

"Such an uneventful existence" (it is said) "could be avoided if the unemployed would indulge in creative and recreational pursuits. This would at least prevent them from rusting." To press such a solution is to establish one's ignorance of the deepest need of the unemployed—their real need is to justify their existence both to themselves and to the world.

Work once supplied this need, and with the wages men earned they were self-supporting members of the community. Now they receive a dole, still administered on the principle that unemployment is a transient phase in the working life of the individual. Their income is subject to a public opinion, the importance of which their sensitive nature exaggerates. Any little 'extra,' such as a night at the cinema, they know will provoke adverse comments in certain quarters. They have a vested interest in looking poor, for in their distrust they believe that in this way they

avoid the searching glance of the Means Test Official.

It will be seen from what has already been said that the primary need of the unemployed is employment. So keenly do they desire this that many would gladly work for the amount of wages they now receive as unemployment benefit. The Trades' Union movement, fortunately, prevents them from going to this extent, and this introduces another disturbing factor. In the ranks of the unemployed is a growing opposition to Trades Unionism.

The need for work must be met not simply on the grounds of humanitarianism. The unemployed man gets a surfeit of this sentiment. He will remind you that he is not only willing but also able to maintain himself if he is allowed to do so. He accepts charity either reluctantly, arrogantly or cynically; seldom does he take it gladly.

For Fascism: against Trade Unionism

Work must soon be provided as a social expedient. What is not generally realised is that the heart-rending queues we see at our Labour Exchanges are eating at the vitals of our Democracy. Three conditions of 'pre-fascism' exist in every Exchange. These are: (1) disgust with democratic government, (2) opposition to Trades Unionism, and (3) a sense of inferiority.

What is generally forgotten is that the unemployed are most nearly affected by Government action. It is almost an axiom that indirect taxation is the most tactful method of raising revenue, because the influence of Government decision is not so immediately felt. This axiom is almost completely forgotten when the unemployed are considered. Successive Governments have attacked their standard of living. Agents are employed to ascertain the income of the recipient's family. Families are broken up and men are liter-

ally ordered to go to different parts of the country. The poorest section of the community have their pittance stopped weeks on end whilst they strive to unravel the red tape of officialdom. The desire for economic security is the burning obsession of the working class to-day. Insecurity forces the administration of unemployment relief into a most prominent position. The battle cries of democracy are feeble compared with the loud clanking of its uncoiled machinery. A form of society which claims to fill a man's stomach meets with more fervour than a constitution which merely allows him to be able to claim he is 'free'!

Reference has already been made to the opposition to Trades Unionism. Statistics showing that Germany has solved the unemployment problem only by lowering the standard of living are hardly likely to move an audience consisting of unemployed persons who receive about 1.8 pence per meal. The offer of a job for 30s. is very tempting for a young man who receives 10s. from the Unemployment Assistance Board. When he is told to refuse such a job on principle he will probably reply that he cannot afford principles. Unfortunately he may not thank the Union for preventing him from taking such a job.

Continued unemployment saps the vitals of a man. It is difficult for him to regard himself as competent when no employer will engage his labour. It is difficult for him to regard himself other than living on sufferance, when neighbours comment on the way he spends his allowance, and officials pry into the details of such expenditure. Dignity will hardly thrive when a man is regarded, on the one hand, as an idle vagabond, and on the other as a "poor dear" for whom "I must really do something."

One would hardly expect a virile, sturdy and independent democrat to be

produced under these conditions. On the contrary, from this school graduates the devoted hero-worshipper. Let anyone give this man carnivals to brighten his drab existence and he will cheer to the echo. Let anyone give him work and he will follow this leader to the end of the earth. Fascism can mean no greater surveillance to these people than the dole, and it will place them above the vauntings of charity and the gibes of the uncharitable.

This picture has been painted with a very bad brush. In such limited space it has not been possible to do otherwise. But enough has been said, I hope, to show one thing—that the solution of unemployment is the acid test of the worth of our democracy. If we solve this problem democracy will have vindicated itself to the world. If we fail we deserve the fate which is inevitable. One thing is certain, the pre-

sent state of affairs is intolerable.

All over the country to-day people are talking in terms of national unity and purpose, of democratic freedom. In many parts of the country industry has entered on a period of boom. The manufacture of armaments once again is solving the problem of a capitalist surplus, and a call for united effort in production demands the co-operation of all—except the unemployed.

To-day there are “only” one and a half million unemployed. They are merely a tumour in the body politic. Suppose that re-armament ends, that the boom becomes a depression—what then? Unemployment will then become a cancerous growth that will destroy the body politic.

If we are to remove this tumour, if we are to end this evil, we must act now and act quickly.

A. J. L.

The New Central Executive of Toc H, 1939-40

AT its annual meeting on April 15 and 16 (a report of which will appear in the June JOURNAL), the Central Council elected the following to be members of the Central Executive for the new year of office.

LONDON LIST

JAMES R. BROWN (Highgate Branch; Northern Heights, etc., District Chairman, 1933-38; Chairman, Northern London Area Executive).

Dr. LEONARD F. BROWNE (formerly Chairman, Mark VII Branch and Northern London Area Executive; Chairman, Old House Committee).

DONALD S. CAMPBELL (Chairman, Mark I Branch and Western London Area Executive; City Builders' Council; Joint Hon. Treasurer).

* FRED. V. DRAKE (Member and Chairman, Eastern London Area Executive, 1934-39; Wakefield Trustee; City Builders' Council; formerly Chairman, Tower Hill Branch).

* HARRY GELL (Chairman, Brockley Branch; Member Southern London Area Executive since 1934; formerly South-East London District Secretary and Pilot).

* MICHAEL R. LUBBOCK (Western London Area Executive; formerly Chairman, Winnipeg Area).

General Sir REGINALD MAY (Trustee; Hon. Vice-President; formerly Chairman, Central Executive, London Fed. Committee and Mark I Branch).

H. U. WILLINK (Member and Chairman, Central Executive, 1922-39; formerly Chairman, London Area Executive and Mark III Branch).

RIFT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND LIST

BRIAN T. DICKSON (Maidenhead Group Pilot;

Magna Carta District Pilot; London Development Committee; Unilever Business House Circle).

* F. A. ENEVER (Leatherhead Branch; Member and Chairman, South-Eastern Area Executive and Surrey & Sussex Area Executive, 1933-39; formerly East Surrey District Chairman).

General Sir CHARLES HARINGTON (President; Chairman, Services Advisory Committee).

W. J. LAKE (Hon. Pilot, Kent, Surrey & Sussex Area; Hon. Gen. Secretary, Registrar and Commissioner, Argentina, 1924-37).

Rev. M. P. G. LEONARD (Hatfield Group; formerly Administrative Padre and Hon. Chief Overseas Commissioner).

Rev. H. F. SAWBRIDGE (Western Area Padre; Central Houses Committee; formerly East Midlands, U.S.A., etc.).

* F. C. SCOTT (Chairman, Lakeland Area Executive since 1935).

* Rev. G. WILLIAMS (Hon. Padre, Chilterns Area; formerly South Eastern Area and Southern London Area Padre; Canada, S. Africa; Member, Central Executive, 1931-38).

Those marked * are new members of the Executive. (Six members of the outgoing Central Executive did not stand for re-election: J. C. Booth, Keith Fraser, Sir Kenneth Harper, E. O. Moss, Rev. C. G. Pearson and A. W. Stapley.)

The following are members of the Central Executive *ex officio*: Rev. P. B. CLAYTON (Founder Padre), Rev. F. E. FORD (Administrative Padre), WM. A. HURST (Hon. Treasurer) and H. A. SECRETAN (Hon. Administrator).

There are two vacancies for co-option.

MY JOB—VI. The Actor

The Editor asked STEPHEN JACK, who has long experience both of the professional stage and of Toc H membership, to talk about his 'job' in this series. He has done more, he has tried to tell us of the truths behind true art of any kind. The article might well bear some such title as "The necessity of Beauty."

MY JOB? Well, on official returns and registers I'm down as "actor," but to be more precise I suppose I should describe myself as "interpreter," which (though misleading to the official mind) covers stage-work, films, broadcasting, television, recording, singing, poetry recitals, lectures to schools and societies, and so on. The subject, in fact, has so many aspects and implications that I couldn't hope to cover it within the scope of a contribution to this JOURNAL. I should have to write a book; and, unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately), many books have already been written, by men far better qualified than I. I don't even know where to start! I could retail many anecdotes from personal experience, grave or gay. That might be of interest, but it wouldn't be much use. Or, to take stage work for a start, I could tell how I first came to take it up, describe a typical company, or a rehearsal, or the sensations of a "first night"; I could give a list of the parts I have played, and the plays; I could dilate on the technique of acting, "make-up," or the intricacies of production and stage-management. I might even give an opinion on the essential qualifications, and (by way of contrast) describe how so many people seem to "get there," not so much by merit as by "bounce," social position, money, influence, publicity, or achievement or notoriety in some other sphere; or compare two customary approaches—the projection of "self" across the footlights, the exploiting of one's own personality and mannerisms, or the submergence of "self" in the portrayal of a character (and, after all, to be

really honest, all parts are "character" parts)—so that the audience may carry away the memory of the character in the play, and not of the actor who played it.

All these points could be said to come under the title of "My Job," and yet I should barely have touched the fringe of the subject. People (though not Toc H members, I hope) would still say, with a fatuous smile "I should think it must be *great* fun, acting!"; and nothing would convince them that acting means real hard work—physical, mental and emotional strain, all at the same time—constant disappointment and frustration, practically no home life, and an almost inevitable sense of insecurity. To try to explain even that last sentence, I believe would exhaust my stock of paper and your patience.

Why do people act?

Why, after twenty years of experience with nothing really tangible to show for it, do I go on? Well, I suppose most actors would give the same answer as I do: there is no other trade or profession for which I am equally qualified. I really enjoy the work, and shall continue to enjoy it, increasingly, so long as I can still get it to do. The presentation of a situation or a problem in play form (on the stage, on the screen, or on the air) by a team of actors "all out" to impersonate characters bearing recognisable relationship to the man next door, the boss at the office, the policeman at the corner, or the self of any member of the audience, seems to be a thing most essential and worth while. There is any

amount of satisfaction, too, in reading aloud a poem so that a couple of hundred children in a school hall shall be all agog for the one that follows; or in being told "You *did* so remind me of our Vicar!" or "I can remember my father behaving, just like that." There are even occasions when one can be convinced, listening to a "play-back" of a broadcast, or watching the "rushes" of a film in the making, that one has really "got away with" a character. And what is all this but interpretation, the passing on of one's ideas or experience to others, aided by such ability as may be there, by training and opportunity, and by the technique that comes only by experience?

The possible existence of an ideal behind the job becomes apparent when one reflects that the stage is a potential pulpit, and the interpretation of truth, beauty and goodness the only thing worth while in the end. As with the actor, so with the author or management. The purpose of every good play is surely to depict (whether realistically, allegorically or fantastically) some phase or other of the eternal struggle between truth and falsehood, beauty and ugliness, goodness and evil, in the nature of an individual or the life of a group. The duty every playwright owes to a public looking for leadership in thought rather than mere entertainment, is to show that beauty *can* win through, even though it may not do so in the play. But the actor and playwright are linked with the composer, the painter, and the poet in this, though working in a different medium—because, to my mind at least, the interpretation of beauty (in contrast to ugliness, for the one cannot be appreciated without the other) is the job of every professing and practising artist.

An old philosopher, quoted in a recent broadcast talk by Lord Elton, said

"Happiness is a sense of well-being which comes when a man is discharging his proper function in life." What, then, is the proper function of the artist?

Beauty - "the forgotten essential"

In his book, *The Education of the Whole Man*, L. P. Jacks writes:—

"The most promising line of attack on the problem of leisure . . . is not the line of moral exhortation. It consists rather in an attempt to arouse the love of beauty and to stimulate the creative side of human nature. My own belief is that, in the trinity of Truth, Beauty and Goodness, Beauty plays the part of the vitalising element, the other two becoming skeletons when there is no beauty to clothe them in flesh and breathe upon them with the breath of life."

It is my opinion that we should allow ourselves to get excited about Beauty. Beauty can hurt, but it is because it overwhelms. It is a blow to our pride in self-possession to find ourselves utterly possessed by something that would seem to have little significance in a workaday world, but that can work wonders if allowed to inform the whole. Though it may not be considered "good taste" to display emotion, it will be found (I think) that sophistication cannot withstand the surprise of fresh beauty. A friend of mine once referred to Beauty as "the forgotten essential," and a few moments' serious thought, about the ingredients that go to make up individual or national life, should suffice to convince one of the aptness of this description. Art is one way of conveying Beauty to the great many people who might otherwise miss it; but it is more—Art is a comment on Life. If so, it will be readily agreed that it should be a constructive comment. Never was the need for a will to construct more apparent than it is to-day. Construction is, in a sense, creation; one often hears

the term "creative Art." But, as a religious man, I feel that there is and can be only one Creator; all that follows is reproduction, imitation, or interpretation. The third definition is, I think, the one that applies to Art. Interpretation and translation are sometimes confused. It is possible, within limits, to translate a passage from one language into another with the aid of a dictionary, and no knowledge of the other language; that knowledge is essential, however, in interpretation, to convey the spirit behind the words. Translation, then, is a matter of the letter, interpretation a matter of the spirit. A work of Art *liberates* the spirit, alike of artist and observer. It is a question of the imagination, and depends on it for existence. Imagination finds *expression* in the artist, and *stimulation* in the observer. L. P. Jacks suggests, then, that the right use of leisure, in a machine-run world, lies mainly in the making (or shall I say the shaping?) of things, on lines suggested by the imagination.

"Image" being the basic word here provides another link with religion. Assuming (there being nothing to disprove it) that God did create Man in His own image, Man "creates" God in his image-ination. Charles Morgan makes "Sparkenbroke" say (in the book of that name), "God and Man are not divided and separate, but aspects of each other." He also says, "All perfect art is a likeness of God carved by Himself in the sleep of the artist." That is to suggest that the artist is, consciously or not, an instrument of God,—a "minister of re-creation."

I can't help feeling that a world without imagination is without hope of salvation. That is why the restoration of handwork, the work of artists and craftsmen, to replace machinery, is so essential.

Compare, for instance, the photograph with the artist's portrait. "The artist," to quote Charles Morgan again, "sees, beyond the appearance of a thing, the nature of the thing itself."

The camera, even if the photographer be himself an artist, can 'translate,' as it were, only the face before its lens; the artist interprets the character or spirit behind the face, the real person. And not only does he show you what the camera cannot see, but he adds his own comment, however subtly it may be introduced; moreover, he is probably quite unconscious that he is doing so. Or take, if you like, the street organ (or even the pianola, the street-organ's public-school brother), and compare it with the pianist. However carefully the handle is turned or the controls manipulated, the "human touch" is lacking. Given this touch, there are, of course, different degrees and different points of view in interpretation. No two artists see the same scene with the same eye. One sees more colour, or a subtle difference in colour; another will emphasise something that has not escaped the first, but that seems to him of lesser importance. Compare Rachmaninoff's playing with that of Cortot; the difference is wide, yet each is a great interpreter and has, I dare say, rendered equal service to the world.

Artist and Audience

The modern gramophone or radio set, though machines, reveal these differences of interpretation in music and the spoken word; but they, like the film, lack one factor that still seems to many people to be essential,—I mean the co-operation of artist and audience, a contact that is no less real for being intangible. In view of this contact, the artist's comment must produce a reaction—perhaps 'response' is the better word. In the case of the

composer, the poet or writer, the painter and sculptor, there is no 'audience' in the accepted sense of the word, though there is (or one hopes there is) a 'public.'

The 'performer' type of artist really needs an audience; albeit, it may be noted in passing that in recording or broadcasting or in films he doesn't get one in most instances. He can be, in a sense, his own audience, but that rules out the response. Besides, sharing the joy of a discovery or a memory not only invites that response, but doubles the joy; in fact, it may be said that the joy is multiplied by the number of people sharing.

The form the response takes will depend on the nature of the comment. It may soothe or excite; it may stimulate and stir to exaltation or action. People are often profoundly moved by a work of art that reflects great lives, great loves, forces at work and in conflict in nature and human nature.

Now, what are the essential qualities to be looked for? Sincerity, good technique, purpose, vitality, a sure yet sensitive touch. Balance, I think, is very important—or poise, which is the child of balance. Then rhythm, which, it should be borne in mind, is not only a component in musical composition and poetry, but is to be found in speech, in painting, and sculpture, architecture—in fact, in the whole of life. Then, the 'three graces' of Art—movement, form and colour. The artist may be inspired by such things as the shape of a tree, the movement of clouds, the colour of a sunset; music, the sound of children's voices, running water and the song of birds; the touch of velvet or swansdown or steel; the hard road or the turf underfoot; the wind on the face, the smell of the sea, wood-smoke or warm earth after rain; the taste of a ripe apple, honey and wild raspberries—celery and cheese, if you like—fish and chips, even!

These are the little joys of all of us, the evidence of the senses; but the poet, the painter and the musician capture and crystallise them, perhaps for all time.

The Artist's character

Is this self-expression? I rather think it is self-effacement. The true artist is not an exhibitionist; he is more like the child who has run on ahead of his companions, and comes back to say excitedly "Look what I've found!" To put it another way, he will be content to be, not the picture itself, but the glass through which the picture is seen; and the more transparent he is, the clearer the picture becomes. Here beginneth the humility, and possibly the self-dedication of the real interpreter,—a point in common between the artist and the priest, another link between two vocations.

I have already spoken of co-operation. This exists, and must exist, not only between artist and public, but between different kinds of artists. In the theatre the author writes a play, the producer sees the characters come to life in his trained mind, the actors are gathered into a unit to work under his direction; the architect, the scene-designer, the costumier and the electrician all combine to provide a setting, before the show is ready for the public. The actor, unfortunately, is handicapped in a way that other artists are not, in that he usually has to take the part offered to him, whether good or bad, whereas the majority of musicians and singers can play and sing the finest music in the world—a real release of spirit; and the majority of painters or writers can choose, within limits, their own subjects, and treat them in whatever way they please. The limits referred to may, in the main, be grouped under the term 'force of circumstances,' the need to earn a living being, to professionals at any

rate, often a very cramping factor, leading quite frequently to the prostitution of art—hack-work, pot-boiling, obeying the dictates of business men who seem so often to lack taste or imagination.

However, from these depressing thoughts let us turn back to co-operation, this time in music. The composer, having committed his ideas to paper, awaits the co-operation of the singer, the instrumentalist, or the orchestra. The orchestra itself is perhaps the example *par excellence* of team-work and discipline on the part of many artists, each making his own peculiar contribution, under the direction of another man, to interpret the work of yet another. Observe the wide difference between Purcell and Honegger as composers, Toscanini and Adrian Boult as conductors, Kreisler and Heifetz as soloists, especially in interpreting the same composition. Observe, too, the difference between sitting at home listening to an orchestral record or broadcast, and sitting in a concert hall, watching the conductor's beat, the violin bows moving together, the tympanist preparing for an entrance, and hearing the sound all around one. That is, to me, an intoxicating experience; so is it to the artists concerned. Wilfred Walter once said, talking of the exhilaration felt in playing one of Shakespeare's greatest characters, "The artist is born drunk; it is only when he drinks that he becomes sober." The complementary contributions of artist and audience can lift a hall-full of people, as it were, off the ground into the stratosphere. Here, again, the architect who designed the hall and worked out the acoustic problems, and the craftsmen who made the 'cellos and the trumpets, all had something to do with the final experience. But the co-operation of the public is, in one sense, most important of all, as most artists, however much they may be

amateurs in the accurate meaning of the word, must be professional in order to serve adequate apprenticeship and thereafter to devote sufficient time to their work. Financial support, as an expression of public sympathy and appreciation, is therefore essential to provide means and opportunity, even though struggle is held to be a great teacher.

The poet needs the co-operation of the printer, and sometimes of the singer or speaker, but he needs, too, the response of the reader or listener. Moreover, almost all artists, if their work is to be consistently good, clear-cut and polished, must be trained by teachers who are themselves artists, with the ability and power to bring out and mould all the latent talent in their pupils. The artist never ceases to learn, and must not forget that the intelligent critic, be he amateur or professional, can help, by unbiassed and constructive comment, to build up the artist's work.

All teachers and leaders, all parents and all who call themselves 'friend' to someone younger or less experienced than themselves, are (or should be) interpreters, artists in their own ways, seeking to share the vision they themselves have seen, the wisdom they have gained, with those that come after. That is the responsibility and privilege of Everyman, though the sense of vocation is not always realised, or the task fulfilled. But the artist, being endowed (*malgré lui*) with extra sensitiveness and powers of expression, is yet more privileged, and his responsibility is by so much the greater. And though the instinct to destroy seems inherent in many natures, in that of the artist the desire to build is greater. So, then, his constructive comment, his interpretation, is an addition to the richness of life; and through increasing liberation of the spirit is found spiritual reality,—Truth, Beauty and Goodness—God. STEPHEN JACK.



The Investiture of a Rover Scout.

EFFECTIVE SERVICE—XI.

Rovering

The connection between Toc H and the older movement of Scouting is close and dates from our earliest days. In this article GERRY HARMER, one of the London Marks padres and himself a keen Rover Mate, deals with the opportunities for service offered by the Rover Scouts.

WATCHMAN! What of the night?
The question is addressed to you.
What do you answer? This?

"I see in the gloom a tired world. I see disintegrating homelessness and unemployment, cynical inhumanity, brutalising force But what can I do? There is only death."

Or this?

"I am mostly blind. I see only shadows. I must be led. But are we not all blind? Who, then, can lead?"

Or this?

"I see visions in the night. The night is

but the nausea of birth-pangs. I see a new-created world in every generation. I see myself an agent in the process of eternal creation."

There is a new Beatitude for those who can answer thus in this 20th century:

"Blessed are they who see their part in the process of eternal creation: for they shall be sane."

* * * *

In 1931 at Kandersteg in Switzerland sat one who saw creation going on before his eyes. Read what he wrote:—

"Up here among the Swiss mountains in the

green valley of Kandersteg one is very remote from the fuss and hurry of the world. Yet, from where I sit in the flower-decked balcony of this chalet I can see the flags of twenty nations waving above the tents, and the camp fires of some two thousand young men gathered there. Rover Scouts they are, a brigade, as it were, of storm troops of the larger army of over two million Boy Scouts. Their arms are alpenstocks, their discipline that of goodwill from within. Their service consists not in fitting themselves for war but in developing the spirit of universal peace." (The Chief Scout.)

In this coming July such another World Rover Moot is to be held at Menzie Castle in Perthshire to celebrate the "coming of age" of the Rover Scout branch of the Boy Scout Movement. Five thousand men from all parts of the world will do their best to honour the camp password—'Friendship.' The old Chief Scout's earlier words come to us with added poignancy because of the troubled times of to-day.

* * *

Rover Scouts. What are they? Are they anything more than over-grown Scouts? It is worth remembering that there is a world of difference between over-grown and grown-up. They are the senior branch of the Boy Scout Movement for young men of over seventeen years of age.

See them as a Brotherhood of the open air, wanderers to whom life is an adventure and adventure life.

As you sit reading this, somewhere at sea, sailing a 50-foot yawl, are two Australians and a Pole coming together to the Moot. They have put all their savings into their boat, and they left Sydney "broke." Two more are sailing from Malaya in a 30-footer.

So the fun goes on: at sea, in camp, hiking, climbing, pioneering . . . all the time they are learning self-reliance, practical efficiency and skill, alertness in emergencies, understanding in the ways of men and nature, and finding health and "strength through joy."

It is a jolly brotherhood of service. Rovers undertake to devote some part of their spare time to service for others—inside and outside the Scout Movement. It is mostly quiet and hidden—leading and assisting Scout troops and Cub packs, blood transfusion, experimental inoculation treatments, skin-grafting service,



first-aid posts. An endless list of effective jobs is done, often more efficiently than some other movements known to me.

Sometimes jobs are spectacular—the main Quetta earthquake party was entirely composed of Rover Scouts, Hindu and Mohammedan, Sikh and Christian, nobly born and "untouchable," forming one great team of workers. Brotherhood and Service!

Your opportunities

Rover Scouting has organisation, methods of training, ceremony—all those things that go to make up the background

of working. These things must be known, but are not necessary to the understanding of your opportunities.

What is the need? Men. Men to lead Rovers—to grow up with them. Hundreds of young men want to be helped to become balanced people and good citizens. They are attracted by the atmosphere and methods of Scouting. Scouting is but an instrument and no standardised one at that, because it is always dealing, as far as Rovers are concerned, with individuals. The end is clear, but the means are fluid enough to be applied to the needs of each single Rover. We who "belong" try to

lead the Crew (Unit) by sharing with each man what we have of intellect, friendship, sympathy and understanding; fostering their careers, teaching them to accept their responsibilities as men, helping them at their time of greatest difficulty to find the full measure of their personal manhood, that they may be honourable among all men. Here is Service for you!

If you would know more, get into touch with your local Scout authorities, or with the Rover Commissioner at Imperial Headquarters, Boy Scout Association, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.

G. W. S. H.

MULTUM IN PARVO

✠ A report of the Annual Meeting of the CENTRAL COUNCIL, held on April 15 and 16, will be published in the JUNE JOURNAL.

✠ The NORTHERN CONFERENCE, for representatives of the Central and Area Executives, will be held in Harrogate from May 19 to 22.

✠ The TOC H CEYLON Reunion Lunch will be held in London at 12.30 p.m. on Tuesday, May 23. Prospective eaters are asked to apply to Alec Gammon, Brotherton House, North Grange Road, Leeds, 6.

✠ OVERSEA MEMBERS home on leave will be welcome at the Chilterns Area Rally at Eton College, Windsor, from 3 p.m. on Saturday, June 10. Tickets from the Chilterns Area Pilot, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.

✠ Padre R. S. DYE (West Yorkshire Area) has been appointed British Chaplain at Ypres as from this month.

✠ Padre H. A. J. PEARMAIN (South Western Area) has, for private reasons, resigned his appointment on the staff.

✠ A special arrangement has been made with the Deacons of the King Street Congregational Church, Dublin, as a result of which NORMAN MCPHERSON (Area Secretary, Ireland) has accepted the pastorate of that church and will continue to devote part of his time to Toc H in Ireland.

✠ GEOFFREY JOHNSON, who has been relieved in West Yorkshire Area by Reg. Smith, has

now moved to Liverpool and will be working for the present with Padre Davies in the North Western Area.

✠ After long consideration by the Central Houses Committee, the Central Executive have decided that, in view of the need for heavy expenditure on repairs which are not justified, MARK XV, Woolwich, is to be closed on October 31, 1939.

✠ The formal inauguration by Lord Middleton of WESTBOURNE HOUSE, Prince's Avenue, Hull, as "Toc H, Mark X," postponed from January, will now be held on May 19.

✠ BROTHERTON HOUSE, Leeds, has been granted the status of a Mark and is now designated as MARK XXIII.

✠ The following Groups are congratulated on their promotion to Branch status: *Hunstanton* (East Anglian Area), *Combe Martin*, *Langport and Huish Episcopi*, *Looe* and *Newton Abbot* (South Western Area) and *Weston-super-Mare* (Western Area).

✠ The following Groups have recently been recognised: *Eden Park* and *Park Langley* (Southern London Area), *Ewell and Stoneleigh* (Kent, Surrey & Sussex Area), *Tiptree* (East Anglian Area), *Ecclesall* (South Yorkshire Division), *Bodmin*, *Launceston*, *St. Austell* and *Washford* (South Western Area), *Castle Cary* (Western Area), and *Wellington* (Southern India).

'MAPS AND DREAMS': SOME QUESTIONS

THE first reaction to the article "On Maps and Dreams" in the April JOURNAL was not unexpected. It came from Germany in the form of a postcard from a Professor at a famous German University ("no names, no pack drill" is a good motto in such cases nowadays), who has been a friend of the writer of the article and a member of Toc H for twelve years. He asks some questions, in German. Here they are, with *resumés* of the replies which have been sent to him in a personal letter.

1. *Do you really believe that we (i.e. Germany) have such aims?*

Answer: So long as Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, unrevised, continues to be published with authority in Germany, the world is not given the option of believing anything else. Over 5,000,000 copies of the book have now been sold in Germany; an 'official copy' lies on the desks of officials; it is ordained as a wedding-present to all 'Aryan' couples. A new 'Jubilee Edition' has been issued for Hitler's 50th birthday on April 20; its blue cover bears a gilt sword as a symbol—for, as Dr. Goebbels said at Weimar on October 30, 1938, Germany is marching "with *Mein Kampf* in one hand and in the other the Sword, for her advance as the new World Power." Did he mean what he said?

2. *Is the map (see April JOURNAL) really genuine, and does it come from German sources which are to be taken seriously?*

Answer: The map we reproduced is, according to first-hand evidence, certainly genuine. If Herr Henlein's organisation in the Sudetenland, within which the map originated, was "to be taken seriously" (as the events of last year proved it was), the answer to the second part of the question is Yes. The map, as I pointed out, is propaganda, not scientific geography, but the distinction between propaganda and science (e.g. in the fields of history and biology) has become blurred in Nazi teaching. In any case propaganda (see *Mein Kampf*) is ordered to be taken "seriously," under penalties, by the united German nation.

3. *Do you believe that Germany and England and the peace of the world can get any further if we think like this about each other?*

Answer: Most regrettably, No. There is no proportion, of any significance, of the British people that thinks, or wants to think, "like this." What proportion of Germans think "like this" of their own free will it is impossible to determine—until those who don't think "like this" find their voice again. Unhappily the spokesmen of their nation talk "like this" again and again. Are we to believe what they say? Do thinking Germans endorse it? The peace of the world hangs much on that.

4. *Will you be very kind and send me one or two more copies of the article?*

Answer: Done. It is hoped that they will be widely read—and, if possible, refuted.

5. (a) *Do you stand to-day as ever by your old ideals—peace, co-operation, understanding?* (b) *Do you believe that we wish the same?*

Answer: (a) Yes, without any doubt at all—but they have been severely tested by the 'Rome-Berlin axis' by repeated breaches of faith, and the practice of them seems likely to be interrupted at any moment by fresh acts of violence by the same agencies.

(b) It depends entirely on who "we" are that wish it. If "we" means thoughtful German citizens, the answer, according to much evidence, is certainly Yes. If "we" means the leaders of National-socialism, all the available evidence of thought, word and deed says No.

(I do not want to labour this last point, for the evidence is clear now to the whole civilised world. The seizure of Bohemia and Moravia in March was acclaimed by Nazi spokesmen as their greatest contribution to "peace" in Central Europe. If this be true, and if Germany's present trade methods and penetration of foreign countries by subversive agents are to be called "co-operation," and the repetition of violent scorn and menace towards the democracies are "understand-

ing," then all our dictionaries, as well as our maps, are under drastic revision).

* * * *

These questions were short and general, and the answers given may seem to some superficial. It would take much space to back them, as they can be backed, with chapter and verse. The material now lies ready to anyone's hand in English (though Hitler's involved paragraphs make extremely heavy reading in any language) in the unexpurgated edition of *Mein Kampf* (Hurst & Blackett, 1939, 8s. 6d.) and in a great variety of books in English on National-socialism.

My article only attempted to deal with one 'popular' propaganda map. I might, for instance, have reproduced the map of England showing the plan for her invasion at seven points, with "natural forward-bases" in the Home Counties and Lancashire, from Ewald Banse's book *Raum und Volk* ("Space and People"), on the strength of which the author was created by Hitler in 1933 the first Professor of Military Science (*Wehrwissenschaft*) in Germany. Attention was drawn to this more 'scientific' text-book by Wickham Steed and others in England at the time, as some readers may still remember. It was then seen to be inconvenient in Germany and hastily withdrawn there, but not before an English edition had been published (*Germany, prepare for War!*, translated by Alan Harris. Published by Lovat Fraser, 1934; cheap edition, 1935; 6d. edition now in preparation). This book attempted to interpret the "dream" of *Mein Kampf* in terms of strategy. It might not be fair to base any argument on a book withdrawn from circulation, were it not that Ewald Banse still holds an official position as a teacher of the same subject.

All such "maps" are no doubt received by many people in Germany with incredulity, or as harmless, if slightly misguided, humour by many in England. Let us not make too much of them—but also not too little. "Dreams," some already fulfilled, lie behind them, but more substantial and important than the dreams is the philosophy (*Weltan-*

schauung) of National-socialism which continually quickens the dreams. "The sole earthly criterion of whether an enterprise is right or wrong is its success," wrote Hitler in *Mein Kampf* in 1926. That sentence still stands, and had its t's crossed again on September 4, 1938 (a significant moment) at Stuttgart by Dr. Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda—"The methods by which a people forces its way upwards are of no moment; only the goal which is reached is important." This was more elegantly said by Niccolo Machiavelli in Italy just four and a quarter centuries earlier. For there is nothing new, as I ventured to say before, in National-socialist thinking.

* * * *

"Think fairly," as best you may, about the totalitarian view of life and the methods it allows, and you must still, I believe, see it as a step back into the dark, condemn it as a ruthless opponent of the Christian good news, and do everything in your power—by whatever method you believe in—to save the world from its domination. Think fairly about Adolf Hitler, and you will credit him with courage, great faith in his mission, whole-hearted devotion to his own people and some remarkable achievements. Taking a charitable view, you may see him as the victim of an unfortunate upbringing, of his country's wretchedness after the war, of other people's false theories, of his own unbalanced temperament and fatal gift of oratory. Thinking fairly about the German people we do not, honestly, find nearly so difficult. You do not hate a friend (or a stranger) for being sick or in prison—and the German people seems to many of us to be in both cases.

It is the German people, even more than any other, which needs to be heard asking St. Paul's question again to-day, "Who shall deliver us from the body of this death?" "Men" (said President Roosevelt on April 14) "are not prisoners of fate: they are only prisoners in their own minds. They have within themselves the power to become free at any moment."

B. B.

A BROTHER AND A FRIEND TO BE

THE 6.23 from Cannon Street to Canterbury is a fast train—first stop Rochester—and generally a crowded one. Being first into a compartment I was able to watch it fill with the usual homegoing season-ticket-holders. The first arrival, I discovered, was called Tom, because he was followed soon by a second man, who greeted him as such. They were followed by a third man, also a mutual acquaintance, and then a fourth, and so on until the compartment was filled with seven men all sufficiently well-known to each other to warrant the use of Christian names and nicknames. Tom summed up the joy of the proceedings by declaring that this was the first time for weeks that they had all been able to travel together, so from my corner I prepared for lively company on the way down. Here were seven friends come together for the first time for weeks, and obviously very pleased about it.

The guard blew his whistle; the train moved out—whereupon the conversation faded. Someone remarked that “She was pulling out to time,” but by then most of the company had settled down to sleep, some underneath their evening papers and some in full view. Very soon all were dozing, and so we travelled, dormitory fashion, all the way to Rochester. As we drew near to Rochester, all awoke with the regularity of long practice, and prepared to leave the train. The train pulled up, cheery goodnights were said all round, and they departed homewards, leaving me rather disappointed.

I thought at once how impossible it would be for such a situation to arise in similar circumstances in a meeting of Toc H members. And then I thought again. How far in actual fact does our friendship with fellow-members go? Is it confined to the two hours of our weekly unit meet-

ing, as my railway companions’ was to the occasional meeting in a carriage compartment? Does it go no further than the delightful welcome—and the no less delightful farewell, and the privilege of using Christian names and nicknames? This is a very pleasant acquaintanceship certainly, but it can hardly be called friendship in all the richness of the word, with all its ties of affection and responsibilities. No-one who has been to a Birthday Festival, for example, will deny that between two strangers the common possession of Toc H badges is in itself all that is needed by way of introduction. Yet if we understand the fullness of the term friendship, two men meeting like this cannot possibly be called friends. Acquaintances, yes. Real friendship can only come of continued association, a sharing of confidences, a developed sense of loyalty, and the ability, if necessary for the good of the soul, to give and take a first-class ticking-off. “Oh the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh words nor measure thoughts, but just to pour them out as they are, chaff and grain together, knowing that a faithful hand will take them and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.” I forget who wrote that, but it shows an understanding of the true meaning of friendship. In Toc H it is so easy to strike up acquaintanceships, but to be friends with a person must always call for effort on both sides. Toc H may make the going easier, but it cannot provide a short-cut.

One of the grand things of Toc H is its ability to make possible the most glorious friendship between men, and those who know what such friendship is would be sorry if the term came to be regarded as a loose definition for meeting men.

A common experience of life shows that a good mixer is not necessarily a good friend; the same is equally true in Toc H. The ability to crack a joke and to use nicknames is not the hallmark of friendship. How easy it is to become known to many and yet to be understood completely by none! The good mixer may be able to collect familiars by the score, without being able to call any one of them a real friend. This is a danger which is just as real in Toc H as outside, but by taking pains with men, by being willing to give ourselves to them, and by learning to love them in spite of their faults, we can demonstrate how huge the difference is between an acquaintance and a friend.

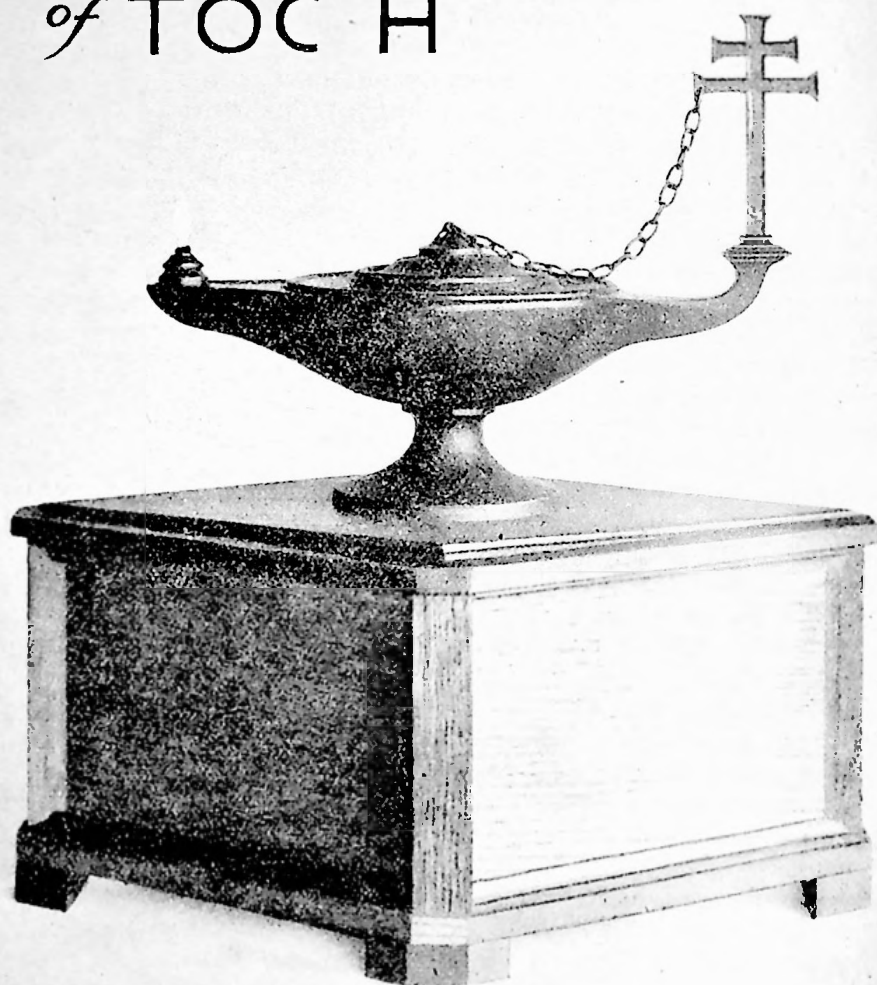
'All rank abandon, ye who enter here'

The only basis on which friendship can develop is one of freedom, but we must not confuse freedom with the taking of liberties. This confusion has led to a number of difficulties in the use of the notice 'All rank abandon, ye who enter here.' The fact is, phrases which are intended to put a label on a point of view have a nasty habit of recoiling on us. When faced with a difficult problem on the spiritual nature of Toc H, we take shelter behind the phrase that it is "God's show." It saves us the trouble of thinking hard about it, but in reality the phrase may be quite meaningless. Another phrase we use with equal rashness and hang up in all sorts of prominent places is "All rank abandon, ye who enter here." Toc H in the beginning stood out against a blind acceptance of the conventional. To-day we must beware the far worse danger of an equally blind acceptance of the unconventional. When the General, the Sergeant and the Private came together in Tubby's room in Talbot House behind the door of which this phrase first appeared, they were prepared to learn

about each other. It was in getting to know each other and discovering how much they had in common that they *forgot* about the differences of rank. They did not consciously abandon rank . . . it was merely that in face of the creation of a deep understanding, matters of rank were no longer a barrier to friendship. To have abandoned the rank without first attempting to become friends would have been a pointless achievement. Is it not equally true to-day that to abandon rank artificially in the attempt to show that Toc H is out to mitigate the evils of class-consciousness, defeats its object from the start? The unnaturalness of such an assault merely shows how very class-conscious we are. No society can hope to abolish class distinctions by declaring war on them. These things have a habit of thriving on persecution. Rather does Toc H show that we can bring men of different status together and that they can work together, they can laugh together, they can serve God together; they can fall out—and still be together. In so doing, they are fast becoming friends, and if they were asked questions about abandoning of rank they would most likely own, not to having consciously done away with it, but far better, to having completely forgotten about it. Let us see to the quality of our relationships before questions of rank are even considered. If the first process is dealt with first, then the second will solve itself without any outburst of self-consciousness. If however we insist that rank shall be abandoned before we have created the understanding which alone warrants it, we shall have damaged the chances of forming our right relationship.

To know men is easy; to become friends with them requires effort, but those who have made such friends do not grudge the cost. I was once present at an initiation ceremony at which the new member was

THE LAMP OF MAINTENANCE
of TOC H



THE LAMP AND ITS NEW CASKET.

welcomed, "no longer as a friend, but as a brother." If in Toc H we can catch the deep spiritual meaning of friendship and preserve it for an example to all men, I shall look forward to being present at some

future initiation ceremony in which the Chairman shall say "We greet you no longer merely as a brother (for are not all men brothers!) but as a friend."

JOHN CALLF.

A NOTE ON THE LAMP OF MAINTENANCE

AN announcement in the February JOURNAL about new arrangements concerning the Lamp of Maintenance added that "an overhaul of the expense of the Lamp itself and simplifications in the casket design, which improve rather than detract from it, have now been made. In future the donation in respect of a Lamp will be £5 5s. od."

We are now able to reproduce a photograph of the Lamp and its new casket. The design of the Lamp, as will be seen, is quite unchanged but the metal now has a brown-bronze finish instead of the previous green 'patina.' The casket retains its familiar shape in general outline but its lines have been simplified. For the multi-curved moulding round the panels plain ones are substituted, and instead of the splayed and curving bronze feet plain ones, carrying down the line of the casket to the ground, are used. To members accustomed to the old casket the new one, and especially its oak panels without any bronze plates of dedication, will look at first a little bare. It may, however, be said

that the changes are in keeping with the changing taste of our times. Like the fashion in ladies' figures between 1922 (the date of the old casket design) and 1939, renaissance or 'baroque' curves have given way to 'slimming,' the severity of an age of concrete and steel construction!

So much for the æsthetic details: now for practical modifications. The sliding panel of the old design, by which a Lamp was taken out at the side of the casket, had disadvantages. The wooden flange by which the casket slid into place, too often broke away with rough handling; sometimes the panel itself split. The new casket has a lid which simply lifts off. The Lamp is put into the casket from the top, and the base fits into a circular oak slot which holds it steady for any reasonable use. The whole casket is simplified and strengthened by this new design. And we hope that, when members are accustomed to it, they will feel that it has more 'functional' beauty than the old.

B. B.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

BERRY.—On March 25, 1939, WILLIAM ROBERT BERRY, a member of Guelph Branch, Ontario. Elected 26.10.33.

CLARKE.—On February 18, 1939, FRANK CLARKE, a member of Daventry Group. Elected 13.3.35.

HOLLIS.—On March 11, 1939, CHARLES HOLLIS, a member of Streatham Branch. Elected 16.8.37.

IRVINE.—On March 18, Lt.-Col. A. A. IRVINE, General Member attached to Rye Branch. Elected 23.9.29.

JENKINS.—On March 31, 1939, ALBERT JENKINS, a member of Greenwich Branch.

MEREDITH.—On April 9, FRED MEREDITH, Chairman of Easington Colliery Group. Elected 10.2.37.

SUGDEN.—On March 20, 1939, FREDERICK LESLIE SUGDEN, a member of Willaston Branch. Elected 7.5.36.

THACKRAY.—On April 17, REGINALD THACKRAY, a member of Kennington (Ashford, Kent) Group and Chairman of the Ashford District. Elected 17.11.30.

WILKINS.—On March 30, 1939, T. A. WILKINS, a member of Okehampton Group. Elected 27.6.33.

A HOME NURSING SCHEME

The Home Nursing scheme about which MICHAEL LUBBOCK here writes is concerned, at present, with Greater London only, but similar schemes are in operation in many other places. It is a plan for helping our neighbours and ourselves in which Toc H units might well join.

IT has long been recognised that there is a large proportion of the population who would like to make some provision, while in good health and in work, for the medical services for which they cannot afford to pay at the very time when they are needed. A scheme under which this can be done can also confer the additional benefits of low individual contributions and guaranteed free treatment whenever required, by spreading the costs over a large number of contributors.

Schemes already exist for providing hospital and general medical treatment, but until recently there has been no similar means of obtaining nursing care in the home. In many cases mild illnesses or injuries become serious, and even fatal, simply because the patient does not receive proper care. Much of the overcrowding and overloading of the Out-patient Departments of the Hospitals can be avoided by having more treatment given in the home by a trained nurse. Indeed there are some cases (such as cases of pneumonia) which stand a better chance of recovery if they can be treated in the home, and thus avoid a long journey to hospital. Still others will never occur at all if a skilled and trained person is able to give advice about the prevention of spread of infection. This preventive and, so to speak, restrictive work is clearly of the utmost importance, and furthermore can only be done in the home.

There are about 750 Trained Nurses working in Greater London, employed by some 230 District Nursing Associations. These Nursing Associations are, year by year, asked to care for an ever increasing number of people but have not, up till now, received the necessary increase in in-

come. District Nursing, like the Hospitals, can no longer exist merely on charitable donations; its work for patients who cannot afford to pay anything, more than absorbs these and must continue unhampered. This can only be so if those others who are using the service are enabled to pay for it, as they always wish to do.

For these reasons a Scheme has been inaugurated, known as the Home Nursing Scheme. It operates through the District Nursing Associations already in existence in exactly the same way as the Hospital Contributory Schemes work through the Hospitals. It is designed to enable those who use, or would like to use, the service to pay for it while they are well and in employment, since, when illness comes, they are often unable to meet even the very moderate cost, which varies from 1/- to 1/6 per visit in different areas.

The scheme makes it possible for those who are interested, to form contributing groups either at their places of employment or in social clubs or gatherings of any kind and thus to take advantage of the very low individual rates of contribution within the scheme—2/- a year (or 1/2d. a week) for each member of a business or industrial group, or 4/- a year (1d. a week) for each member of a "Social Group." The only condition attached to membership of such groups is that the individual's income must not be more than £400 a year.

Such a scheme, as applied to District Nursing, is not a new or untried one. Similar schemes have been in operation in nearly all the large centres of population in the Provinces, in some cases for more than ten years, and, to quote but one exam-

ple, that in Leicester has succeeded in enrolling as contributors 37 per cent. of the population. This is a remarkable achievement, and, allowing for departments, means that practically speaking every man, woman and child in Leicester is entitled to call on the District Nursing Service without further charge.

In the Greater London Scheme individual contributors are not accepted (it only needs five contributors to form a Group) but they, and any would-be contributors whose incomes make them ineligible, are asked to fill in Application Forms, marking them "Individual" or "Over income limit" and send them in to the Scheme's Office, who forward them to the appropriate Nursing Associations with a view to their enrolment as direct subscribers.

For these low rates—so low that many have at first felt that there must be other charitable support to make them possible—there is provided, without additional charge, trained District Nursing care in his own home, not only to the contributor himself, but also to any member of his family dependent on and living with him. As a sidelight on what this may mean, the Scheme has one contributor who, for $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a week, is covering twelve persons; himself and his wife, two aged parents and eight children too young to be employed. This is, of course, made possible by the fact that many single men and women have joined the Scheme, not only from selfish motives, but also because they realise that they are thereby helping to make the Service available to others.

Finally, many Nursing Associations keep a stock of certain nursing appliances which would be expensive for a patient to purchase and for which, once he has recovered, he would have no further use. These, when available, are loaned free to contributors while the nurse is in attendance.

This Scheme has been brought to your attention for two reasons. First, it is felt that many units might like to take advantage of it and form their own subscribing Groups. They would, of course, come within the category of "Social Groups," for whom the weekly individual subscription is 1d. But the second, and more important, reason is that the Scheme needs as much publicity as possible and as quickly as possible. In order to be financially sound on such very low subscription rates, it must have some 250,000 contributors. This is by no means a far-fetched objective, when it is remembered that there are, within Greater London, ten times as many—or two-and-a-half million—potential members. But, however attractive such a Scheme may be, it takes a long time to get people from the first stage of being interested to the last and most important stage of sending in the first subscriptions; and in the meanwhile there are certain not inconsiderable expenses involved in launching and developing the Scheme. If Toc H in Greater London will lend their aid by forming Groups, and more particularly by talking about the Scheme in their offices, workshops, factories and homes, they will be helping to ensure its success within the necessary time limit. Would it not be a tragedy of wasted effort if, in its final stage, the Scheme had to be abandoned and the tens of thousands of existing contributors deprived of this splendid service on which they were counting?

If you want any further particulars, entry forms or posters explaining the Scheme, write to The Home Nursing Scheme, 1, Sloane Street, S.W.1. Telephone SLOane 2271. A staff of Organisers is available at any time to suit your convenience, to discuss any points of doubt or difficulty or to help with the formation of a Group.

M. L.

BY THE POOL.

By Thames' side lies Wapping, where men's working concern is the receiving and distributing of London's merchandise with all the noise of voice and horse and cobbles. Here, at the river's edge, away from the noise, stands Pierhead House. In the house is the quiet that comes from purposeful and ordered living. From its windows you may see men, single-handed, working their barges from wharf to wharf, bank to bank; and as you watch them you may come to know something of the confidence of craftsmen.

"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength" is the statement of authority and the verdict of experience. Pierhead exists to remind you of that. It is the quiet house of Toc H where men may find and try out their strength, and "go back to work better for their time of rest and insight by the Pool." Toc H and its many friends began so to use it in other days. So well did Toc H use it for a time that it had to ask its friends to find some other place for their strengthening. Of recent years has come a change. Toc H uses it but little. It is almost a forgotten house.

Its bookings to-day are less than one-third of those of earlier years. If Toc H does not want the house for its team meetings, conferences and retreats then, clearly, it must be used in some other way. There must be no uneconomic or ineffective use of materials.

Here are some facts.

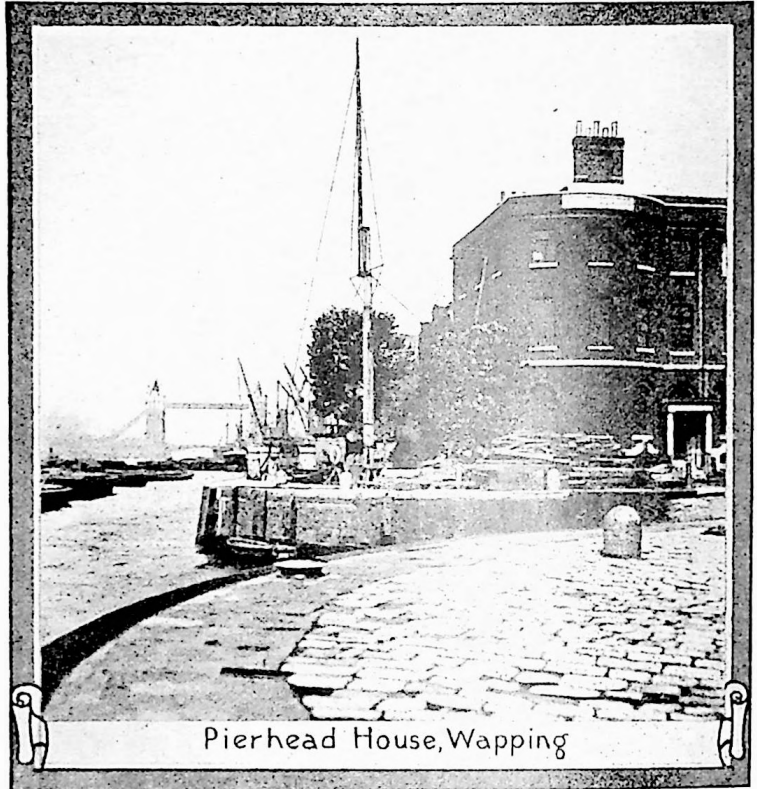
The cost of a full week-end (from supper

on Saturday until tea on Sunday) is 6s. 6d. per head.

There may not be beds for all who seek, but we can house thirty folk simply but adequately.

Smaller groups of people are, of course, free to use the house on the same terms.

People wanting to spend a night or week-or-so may always find room, and the charges



Pierhead House, Wapping

are the normal Toc H house charges.

What reasons lie behind its modern disuse? What suggestions have you who read, and know the house, for its better use?

Will you please write to:

The Guestmaster,
Pierhead House,
Wapping, E.1.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From the Western London Area

Experimentum crucis—an experiment, yes, but not a crucial one perhaps, sums up the past year in the West London Area. Un-sought territorial expansion in the south marked a change in our boundary line last year and this has been followed by further changes. The Colne Valley District—rather like a corridor between the Chilterns Area and our own—has ceased to exist as such, *West Drayton* and *Iver* Groups have transferred to our neighbour state and *Denham* has relinquished its rushlight, while on the south side we have received the *Runnymede (Staines) Group*. Diplomatic relationships have been strengthened by these mutual adjustments and both “states” strengthened.

The Area has been deprived of Geoffrey Martin's services as Area Secretary, but retains them under the synonym of Hon. Administrator's Deputy—the only apparent difference now being an increasing baldness. This may be due to the cares of fatherhood rather than those of statesmanship, as young Christopher Martin has just completed his first six months' probationership. Skipper Rew has filled the position of Hon. Area Secretary and his enthusiastic efficiency has kept the Area Padre very much on his toes. Gil Harrison has come to be London Office Secretary and wisely chosen to reside in the Area. We claim a quarter of his working hours. Personal leadership by the members of the Area Executive and the District Teams has both grown and deepened and much visiting has resulted in a greater understanding of our peculiar problems. Inner and Outer London each have their problems—those of the “dormitory” and the “divan”—both with a perpetually changing population.

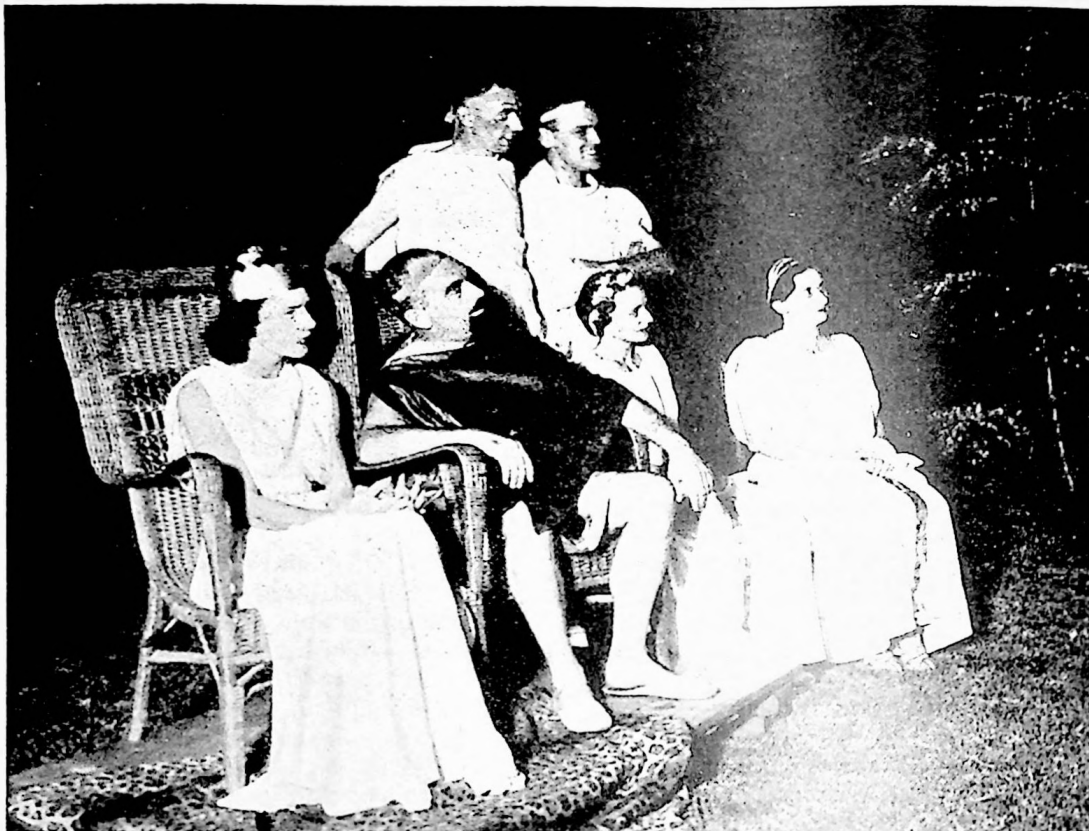
Each District is engaged upon surveying the location of its membership and jobs with a view to expansion and greater efficiency. It is interesting to note that new growth has come since the September crisis and we are now ‘groping’ at Waxlow Manor (Southall)

and Preston (Wembley). *Roehampton* has relinquished its Rushlight after a brave struggle, but there is great hope of a fresh start soon, while the *Kingston Branch* returned its Lamp and we now have the *Norbiton Group* and possibilities of good ‘groping’ at Surbiton.

Neasden Group has become the *Willesden Branch* (this probably provides the answer to the query “would a rose by any other name smell so sweet”!) and *Greenford* has also been promoted to Branch status (but no change of name or smell has been recorded). There have been changes in all the Marks. *Mark I* now has a Scotsman born in Lancashire as Warden, and *Mark II* (apparently to maintain the balance of nationalities) has a Welshman in that office. We have also welcomed Padres Worth and Daviss respectively as Padres of *Marks II* and *XX*. They are towers of strength to the London Staff and have added both sartorial grace and pungent thought (this is not said respectively). The Marks are playing an increasingly important part as centres of Area activities, and we believe that from the Marks as bases will arise the solution of the “Hub” problem.

The Return of Service was enlightening in many respects and showed up both strength and weaknesses—we are apparently short of blood and frightened of prisons, but are not in awe of boys or Sunday schools. *Mortlake*, *West Drayton* and *Uxbridge* have started boys' clubs and *Wimbledon* have helped by the loan of their headquarters and by personal work, the local Unemployed Centre. *New Malden* has linked up with *Penarth* in service for the unemployed and *Hounslow* is engaged in the local J.O.C.'s Youth Club. Three members from the Area have been accepted as Leprosy Workers and three have gone into the service of the S.O.S. Society as Wardens.

Hospitality to people from overseas has grown extensively, and while the tension of Nationalism in politics overshadows us, we



HIPPOLYTA: *This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.*

THESEUS: *The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination mend them.*

have the small consolation of the development of personal understanding between individual men not only of our own race, but of divers kinds. One unit has an Estonian

as its Treasurer and a Dane has been a probationer, while several units have made friends with Germans and Austrians at present in this country. B. D.

From South America

From the Argentine

The Argentine Area Festival of 1938, which was held simultaneously with the Lamplighting in London on December 10, is almost ancient history now, but it lives again in the pages of the March number of *The Mark*, the quarterly magazine of Toc H Argentina. Bishop Weller's sermon at the Re-dedication Service in St. John's Cathedral, Buenos Aires, is printed in full, as is Paul Burrough's talk on "The Spirit of Youth"

at the Family Gathering in the evening. Both are well worth reading.

Since then, on February 11, the B.A. Shackleton Group has held its own Birthday Festival. "Our Group," says *The Mark's* reporter, "is now just twelve months old and the question foremost in the minds of all of us is 'Has the amalgamation of B.A. Group and Shackleton Branch been a success?' " We say, yes, very decisively. First thought of by Howard (Dunnett), then enthusiastically



"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present Wall, that rob Wall, which did these lovers sunder."

backed by the majority of us, we can look back over the past year and feel thankful for the gamble we took. Our strength at the time of writing is twenty-two members and eight probationers, and, judging by the newcomers who have attended our meetings lately, we hope these numbers will be increased before long."

The setting of the Festival was ideal, in the open air of a 'Quinta,' put at the disposal of the company by friends at Tigre. The opening Re-dedication service was held there, with Padre Tatham-Thompson standing under a pear-tree in the sunset to speak, and the congregation listening from benches on the grass. About 120 people sat down, or stood round, for supper, and the ceremony of 'Light' was held in the open. Then, as

Theseus, Duke of Athens, might have asked:

Say, what abridgment have you this evening?
What masque, what music? How shall we beguile

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

The music came from the verandah of the house, where two ladies played the violin and sang. And after that Duke Theseus himself, in the person of Pat Moxey, produced the 'masque' and acted a part in it. (His many friends in Toc H at home will recognise him, albeit most unshaven, as Theseus in the picture on the opposite page). The piece was, of course, "a very tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth," from *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Toc H and L.W.H. had worked hard over the dresses and the scenery and "a really beautiful lighting effect" (with car lamps). "After much coaching," says the producer, "the boys did their stuff remarkably well," and the audience, in the Bard's words, had "some delight."

It was a pity that Padre Ivor Evans could not be there; he was at home preparing to be consecrated Assistant Bishop in the Argentine in Westminster Abbey on February 24. With excessive modesty he answered the message of good wishes from the B.A. Shackleton Group by writing: "It was not for my face but for my very suitable calves that the choice was made—I cannot think of any other reason!" We can think of other reasons, and we all wish him well.

From Chile

Both in Santiago and in Valparaiso the Toc H and L.W.H. badge go well with the uniform of the Salvation Army. Regular work together has been active and natural for a long time, and recently emergency engaged both their forces. The earthquake in the neighbourhood of Concepcion did not touch these more northern cities with disaster but called for their immediate help. A Santiago member went to Canquenes in charge of a lorry with supplies sent by the British Committee to the Salvation Army. It took two days to make all the arrangements and he was twenty-four hours on the journey to Canquenes, a town of about 10,000 inhabi-

tants, where not a single house was left in good condition. The shock had lasted about three minutes and in some places was so heavy that it was impossible to stand up in the street. The supplies came down by rail, and our lorryman's job was to take them out to villages and farms near Canquenes. Fortunately the member had just started his holidays, for the job took about ten days. A

week later a probationer left Santiago in a railway wagon (in which he slept) with further supplies. The Salvation Army Captain in charge of the first relief was also an active member of Toc H. When the Salvation Army recently gave a dinner-party to 350 homeless men using their shelter in Santiago, it was natural that Toc H and L.W.H. members should serve the guests.

London Toc H Soccer Club : Easter Tour in Belgium

Many old friendships were renewed when the Toc H Soccer Club again visited Belgium in order to play against Belgian teams. This year our Headquarters were established at Bruges, and all have agreed that this was a happy choice.

On Easter Saturday we played against the Bruges Junior Team. This team, consisting of players up to 19 years of age, is the Champion Junior Team of Belgium, and they certainly gave us a very fine game, winning 3—1 after leading 1—nil at half-time. Some of these players will doubtless blossom out as full-blooded professionals, and the football they played was delightful to watch. After the game a reception was held at the Club Headquarters, and we were able to wish the team good luck in its efforts to retain the Championship this season.

Several of our players were lent out to another English team which was playing near Brussels on the Sunday, and those who went will have tinselled memories of the team's reception, complete with flags, brass band and a large crowd. The players were lined up on the field, and after a silken banner and a large bouquet had been presented, the band gave a creditable interpretation of our National Anthem. Encouraged by the conductor, who also played the euphonium with his left hand, they got away to a good start. So well did they play the first three stanzas, that they went back and repeated them. After this, however, the pace began to tell, and by the time they had reached the fifth line they were anything but happy and glorious, and had stopped playing altogether. Led on by the cornet and the euphonium, they renewed their variations and arrived at the end more by appointment than by united

effort, to the huge applause of the crowd. Later on we were invited to stay behind for a ball which was taking place that evening, and on hearing that the same band was to perform, our regret at having to go back to Bruges straight after the match was quite genuine.

On Easter Monday we travelled to Poperinghe, via Ypres, where we had time for a short visit to places of interest. At Poperinghe we visited the Old House and then played the Poperinghe team in the afternoon. Here we were more than unlucky to lose 3—2 after being two up at half-time. A fine exhibition by our goalkeeper had the warm approval of the crowd. As one spectator put it, he played with "much phlegm," which from the Flemish is praise indeed. After the match a bouquet of flowers which had been presented to our captain was placed on Poperinghe's War Memorial. Here again we were entertained at the Club Headquarters and hopes for another visit next year were expressed by both clubs. Some of the Poperinghe players sang to us and we retaliated with the *Lambeth Walk*—by request. After a very jolly evening we were able to observe the effects of last year's presentation of two dartboards to two of the local estaminets. Evidently the inhabitants have been very quick to learn. Next year it may be safer to take over a shove-ha'penny board!

Afterwards we went by coach to the boat and so back to England. We hope to take over an even stronger team next year because this is the first time on record we have lost both matches. If the Belgians' shooting was as good as their approach work we should need a score-book.

J. C.

LETTERS FROM A LEPER COLONY—II.

MIKE REES, the writer of the letter that follows, is one of the *Toc H B.E.L.R.A. volunteers*, stationed at the *Oji River Settlement* in Southern Nigeria. A previous letter from him appeared in March.



Hands that ask Your Help.

THIS letter is a very mixed bag. I have not attempted to do other than jot down impressions which have no relevancy one to the other except that they contribute to the colourful whole that is Africa.

Of first importance was the consecration of the new church at our Oji River Settlement by the Bishop on the Niger. This happened just before Christmas and will remain an imperishable memory in the minds of all who witnessed the ceremony. The church, built to conform with tropical requirements, open and arched on all four sides, is a beautiful structure blending in perfect harmony with its somewhat exotic setting of luxuriant vegetation and the mud-walled, palm-frond thatched houses of the patients which radiate from the church as spokes from the hub of a wheel. To European minds, the chief feature of the service was the singing by the native choir of Ibo hymns specially prepared by the school teacher. They had all the dignity and grandeur of any English hymn and the singers "lifted up their hearts" in no uncertain manner. We had visitors from Onitsha, 40 miles away, and Enugu, 27 miles off, the two nearest towns, for this ceremony; they were unanimous in their appreciation of the service.

Christmas was, of course, upheld traditionally with the killing of two huge Hausa bulls for the patients' feast. Father Christmas, represented with great success by Len Parker, also put in his appearance, though the lack of chimneys seemed to baulk him so far as I was concerned. Then there were the sports on Boxing Day, during which the more agile patients were initiated into the mysteries of Wheelbarrow and Three-Legged Races, to mention just two. Needless to say, these caused hilarious amusement.

And one must mention the Christmas Play put on by the schoolchildren, with Peter Pedrick dashing about with the mysterious, harassed air of a Cochran for the preceding fortnight, avowing dramatically that it was all going to be a terrible flop. Naturally, it was an unqualified success. It was held in the church on Christmas Day evening, by the light of candles which succeeded in adding a most realistic atmosphere.

Then comes, not chronologically of course, the Chain of Light which we took part in at our little staff chapel. Several European and African members of the staff and visitors were present and we had a grand little ceremony. This, incidentally, was preceded by an incident which rather amused me. Peter Pedrick summoned the whole of the African staff to his office to dress them down for minor breaches of duty and discipline, and finished up by giving them a talk on Toc H and inviting them to be present at our participation in the World Chain.

The *harmattan* has descended upon Oji. This is a seasonal disturbance which looks for all the world like a Scotch mist but is actually composed of infinitesimal particles of white Sahara sand, too small to be seen by the naked eye, and stretches away, obscuring everything within normal eyesight. The natives call it "winter" because the obscuring of the sun naturally makes the lower air cooler than usual. To us it is rather a

pleasant change, although it is inclined to bring headaches and colds in its tracks.

Clad in bathing trunks, topee and shot-gun, I embarked in a native dug-out canoe, a *pirogue*, to explore the unknown reaches of the Oji River. The lack of visible game became so monotonous that when a school of monkeys suddenly started chattering and barking protests two feet above me, I nearly fell out of the canoe in consternation. I returned with such confidence in myself as a *pirogue*-propellor that I invited Len Parker to come for a trip, Henley-like. He accepted and turned up clad in immaculate white ducks which two minutes later were soaked in Oji mud, whilst Pete stood on the bank and just laughed. As a result, neither of them trust me further in a canoe.

I have gained a rather doubtful reputation as a hunter. I took a pot-shot at a guinea fowl rocketing along like a Blenheim bomber—and a monkey fell out of a nearby tree!

We have had with us for a fortnight another newcomer to leprosy work in Leslie Helps who has got a very grand little anti-snake bite outfit about which I rag him unmercifully. In return, he quips me about my

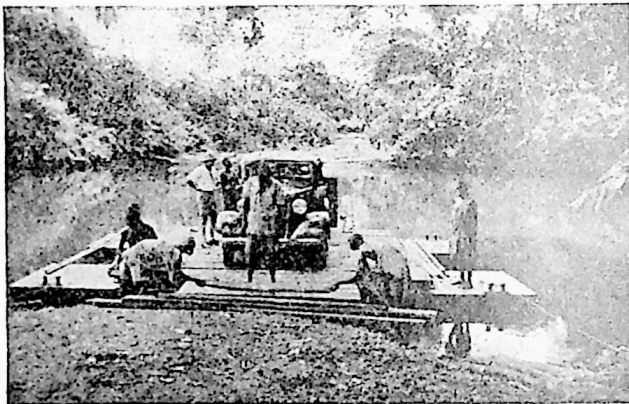
collection of snakes, which grows weekly. I dragged him out the other day to take part in a snake hunt—I had, in my usually somnolent state, just avoided stepping on quite a large-sized merchant on a bush-path near my house. I did not take time to dress but chased him out in pyjamas and mosquito boots, and commandeered a horde of 'boys' as beaters. We succeeded in raising one harmless lizard.

Our colony is rapidly growing—we now have more than 200 in-patients and 2,000 out-patients. Consequently, more houses have to be built, which brings us to the naming of streets. So far we have got a Lambert's Walk, shades of Bill Lambert who did marvellous pioneering work here, and a Burgundy Bend. New schools, dressing-rooms and a home for non-leprosy children of infected parents are under weigh and altogether there seems plenty to do.

Yesterday I tried to teach some of the boys how to play cricket. It was difficult with a soap box for a wicket and a piece of bush timber for a bat. This is, of course, a hint.

We of Toc H Oji wish you all the very best.

MIKE REES.



At the Oji River Settlement.

Movements of Toc H Leprosy Workers

Two more Lay Workers have been appointed—Lawrence Collingwood Birnbaum, of *Willesden Branch*, and Henry Douglas Gordon Coffin, of *Urmston Branch*. Birnbaum sails on April 14 for Beira, from whence he will proceed to Ngomahuru, Southern Rhodesia, to relieve William Densham, who returns on furlough in June. Coffin sails on April 19 for Calabar, *en route* for Itu, where he will relieve Hamish

Macgregor, who returns on leave early in July.

A. Hardman has now been transferred to Oji River, to assist Len Parker, in the absence of P. Pedrick, who is returning on furlough, and Leslie Helps has arrived at Ogbomosho to relieve Frank Bye, who, together with A. Sowden and Bruce Lansdown, reached England on April 1 on leave, after their first tour of service in Nigeria.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

Toc H and Politics

DEAR EDITOR,

I have read with very great interest the two articles, in the April JOURNAL on current affairs: "Unemployment" and "On Maps and Dreams." All topical questions do seem to have assumed dimensions now of unprecedented complexity and magnitude, and so any article which can clarify the problems for, or give guidance to, the ordinary person, without indulging in too easy simplification, is of inestimable value.

At this time, when the public mind is most confused on nearly all the current political issues, a great many voices seem to be raised to urge the Churches to "keep out of politics." I may have been unfortunate in my experience, but it does seem to me that when a minister preaches a really downright sermon, to bring home to his congregation the appalling conditions ruling in present-day International and Social affairs and the individual's duty with regard to them, a great body of protest is raised from many conservatively thinking persons. (Here I do not, of course, use the word conservative in its political but in its general meaning.) Yet, is there any Christian who can maintain, if he is thinking fairly, that it is not the duty of the Church to guide in all matters pertaining to human life? And is this not also the aim of Toc H? I am certainly not advocating that we should indulge in party polemics, we should be above that. I do think, though, that the "third step," towards the end of the article on unemployment, 'hits the nail on the head.' We must all, by active participation in affairs, permeate general public opinion with the recognition that, to-day, Christianity in public affairs, National and International, is the only alternative to war and chaos. Or as Mr. George Bernard Shaw has put it: "After contemplating the world and human nature for sixty years, I see no other way out of the world's misery, but the way which would have been found by Christ's will if he had undertaken the work

of a modern practical statesman."

Let us decide on the principles and allow the experts to settle the technical issues raised.

Yours sincerely,

Ilkley.

NORMAN T. COX.

The Horse before the Cart

DEAR EDITOR,

From time to time the sense of the Family swings, like a pendulum, to and from jobs. Sometimes we consider that we are doing too much and are thinking too little; that we are too active and not spiritual enough. At other times we reproach ourselves with being too introspective. So long as the pendulum continues to swing, Toc H cannot be static.

The fact, however, remains that jobs are an essential feature of Toc H, that Toc H has a pretty substantial record of jobs, large and small, to its credit in the past and present and is certain to have in the future.

There is never any lack of jobs to be done in this somewhat imperfect world. But the difficulty with most units is to find the men. The existing members already have as much as they can safely do, if family life is to continue and if they do not want to hear spoken or see unspoken the fatal words "You are never at home." The jobmaster looks round at the assembled members and is met by averted eyes or negative faces.

Toc H, generally, should take a leaf out of the book of the rare unit which first finds the job and then makes it the job of the unit to find the man or men outside their membership. Thus the membership is not overburdened; thus the new job gets done and thus are more and more men induced to do a job of work for others. Whether they eventually join Toc H does not greatly matter. In nine cases out of ten they will ask to belong to the Family.

Yours truly,

H. G. SAMS.

Cambridge.

Work Camps

DEAR EDITOR,

I read with great interest an article in the March issue of the *Toc H JOURNAL* with regard to Work Camps.

It was rather a coincidence to open the *JOURNAL* when I was in the midst of one of John Hoyland's great week-ends to find this account.

May I say for the benefit of those who are in doubt about the value of this creative work, that it is a deeply spiritual experience which will always stay with me.

Co-operation with the unemployed, together with the marvellous welcome we received in their homes, has created a spirit of unity greater than we thought possible.

My friend and I hope to extend the idea of gaining unity in this way by taking a holiday in Germany, visiting Hostels and doing any work they care to give us.

I think it is not usual for women to do this type of work, but in it they will find a 'peace which passeth understanding.'

I am,

Yours sincerely,

(*Liverpool L.W.H.*)

IRENE ROWE.

Acknowledgments

For our pictures this month we are greatly indebted to the following—for the frontispiece, which shows Kentish orchards in blossom, seen from the tower of Newington Church, to J. Dixon-Scott, the photographer, and to the Council for the Preservation of Rural England for lending the photograph; for the picture on page 146 to the *Madras Mail*; for the loan of blocks on page 147 to Tower Hill Improvement; the drawing on page 152 to Arthur Wragg, the artist, in whose book, *Jesus Wept*, it appears and to the publishers, Messrs. Selwyn & Blount; for the photographs on pages 161 and 162 to the Boy Scouts' Association; for that on page 168 to W. F. Brooks (Caterham Branch), who took it specially for us; for the loan of the block on page 172 to L.W.H. Headquarters; for those on pages 174 and 175 to the *Buenos Aires Herald*; for those on pages 177 and 178 to B.E.L.R.A.